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THE peace initiative of Pope Benedict has been received in Washington, Paris and London with a chorus of disapprobation. To judge from the inspired or partly inspired comments in the newspapers the Allied governments will return a polite but firm refusal to negotiate on the proposed basis. Yet we feel confident when the precise terms of their answer comes to be framed, it will not slam shut the door which has been cautiously opened by the Holy Father. The terms proposed by the Pope are not satisfactory. It is impossible to accept them as they stand. But considering the source from which they spring, their certain approval by the Austro-Hungarian government and their probable approval by the German government, they are emphatically encouraging. They are, indeed, sufficiently encouraging to constitute a basis for serious negotiations. Their characterization in the papers as a return to the status quo ante is a gross perversion of their plain significance. A proposal for peace, emanating from a source sympathetic to Germany, which recognizes the principle of nationality in the case of Poland, the Trentino and Istria, which leaves the question of Alsace-Lorraine open to discussion and presumably to compromise and which proposes some measure of disarmament and of supernational organization implicitly substitutes for the status quo ante a wholly new conception of international law and a wholly new mechanism of international readjustment. What is equally important is its future effect on the German people. The German government could not accept the terms proposed by the Pope without an acknowledgment of practical defeat, without explicitly abandoning not only all its immediate aggressive ambitions but the means by which future aggressions would have to be carried out and without admitting to the German people its failure to get for them any return for their losses and sacrifices. It would not be the "strong peace" proclaimed by Michaelis. It would spell for the German people a war without justification and a peace without compensation.

IF the Allied governments refuse to negotiate on the basis of such a promising proposal, the inevitable result of the refusal would be to strengthen the German morale and to weaken that of France, Great Britain and the United States. The German government would then make an irresistible appeal to the people of Central Europe to fight to the bitter end against a ring of enemies which can be satisfied with nothing less than a broken and helpless Germany. Any possible hope of dividing the German people from their government would have to be renounced, and whatever the result of the war in other respects the domination of the Prussian Junker over Central Europe would be perpetuated and reënforced. On the other hand the Allied governments would be imperiling the confidence reposed in them by their own people. The craving for peace among the masses all over the world is unmistakable. If it is ignored, it may get out of hand. The refusal to consider the Pope's proposal seriously might have dangerous results. It would alienate Russia. It would offend the deep pacifist aspirations of the American farmers, wage-earners and lower middle class. In France and

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Great Britain it would make almost impossible the position of the pro-war socialists and trade-unionists. We fail to see, consequently, how the Allies and in particular President Wilson can refuse to accept in part the Pope's proposals, assuming they are adopted by the German government. If they want something better (and they have good reasons for wanting something better) they must work to secure an improvement by negotiation, not by refusing to negotiate.

THE decision of the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States to refuse permission to their nationals to attend as delegates the International Socialist Conference at Stockholm does not necessarily imply a belief on the part of those governments that peace tentatives at the present juncture are wholly inopportune. Lloyd George's reported statement "that no single section of the country could make peace, seeing that the country as a whole had made war," fully accounts for the action of the Allied governments. It is not in the least improbable that Kerensky and his present advisers are in sympathy with this action. Nor would the German government look with favor upon the Stockholm conference if it believed that the outcome would be a "people's peace," or rather a working class peace. To accept the Socialist and labor parties as peace intermediaries would be tantamount to a recognition of a revolutionary shift in the equilibrium of political power, to the advantage of the working class elements. Such a shift has actually taken place in Russia. But the middle class parties will probably retain power in the other European states through a considerable additional period of war, and in the United States the dominance of the traditional parties will hardly be disputed at all, unless the war is prolonged beyond all present probabilities.

CREDIT for restoring the peace is bound in time to be as vigorously contested by the several nations and parties as the discredit for making the war. We may be sure that even the Kaiser is laying his plans for seizing the crown of the peacemaker. He has asserted that he did not will this war; he will one day assert vehemently that he willed the peace. In the meantime there are other political leaders who are laying their plans. Especially eager are the leaders of the Socialist and labor parties. If one pauses to consider what enormous prestige will accrue to the radical parties if they can succeed in identifying the movement that leads to peace with their own program, one will understand better the persistence with which they organize international congresses in spite of the popular suspicion now resting upon those who enter upon communication with the enemy. One will understand better also the official aversion to such conferences. Political parties that have been forced to make war and to bear the heavy responsibilities of continuing it to a satisfactory conclusion have no mind to permit minority parties to snatch from them the prize of peace.

CONSIDERING the record of Senator LaFollette since the beginning of the war any attempt made by him to precipitate a discussion of peace terms will very properly be regarded with suspicion. From the start he has consistently advocated the adoption by this country of a policy which would have made America the accomplice of German military ambitions. He wanted the American government to abandon its acknowledged right to export munitions of war to France and Great Britain. He wanted it to insist upon its declared right to trade freely with neutrals bordering on Germany. He wanted it to acquiesce in the German submarine attack on commerce and to allow the Germans to convert the high seas into belligerent territory with impunity. If his advice had been adopted, Great Britain, France and Russia would either have already been beaten or would be struggling desperately and probably hopelessly to avoid being beaten. We do not attribute the Senator's behaviour to any sympathy with Prussianism or to any disloyalty to his own country. He seems to have advocated a policy of subservience to Germany chiefly because he distrusted those of his fellow-countrymen who were favorable to the Allies. But whatever the motives of his conduct he has undoubtedly acted throughout as if it should be a matter of indifference to Americans whether or not the war ended with a victory for Germany.

IN his recently introduced "peace" resolution he has modified his former complacency about German victory to the extent of advocating a peace without annexations or indemnities for anybody, but the resolution implies all his old disbelief in the existence of any issue between the belligerents of vital interest to Americans. He wants Congress immediately to accept the Russian peace formula regardless of the refusal of the German government to promise the abandonment of its conquests, regardless of the fact that unless the Germans begin by promising restoration they are being permitted to capitalize the fruits of their own military aggression, regardless, finally, of the threat to a desirable peace implied by the existence in Germany of its present ruling class. What the existing diplomatic situation demands is not the immediate and unqualified renunciation of annexations and indemnities on the part of the United States and its allies,

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but a clear statement that penalties and annexations will be considered matters for negotiation provided Germany promises to renounce her conquests and popularize her institutions. The Allies will probably have to abandon the idea of a decisive military victory, and they may do so without regret, but if they abandon the hope of a qualitative political victory they will be recreant to the object for which they have been fighting. They will have no assurance that the obstacle offered by Germany to the organization of a desirable peace has been removed.

REAL clarity upon the cabinet crisis in England we have not yet attained. Mr. Henderson, as it seems, has joined the growing band of those who intend, at the conclusion of peace, to defend their reputation upon the full publication of all the facts at issue. What has already emerged is a growing fissure between the ideals of labor and those of the War Council. It is very certain that the loss of Mr. Henderson's services is a serious blow for the Lloyd George government. Mr. Barnes has neither the reputation nor the ability of his predecessor. His administration of the Pensions Department has not been particularly distinguished; and he has not been in any sense an outstanding figure in the English labor movement. Nor is that all. It is clear that the actual crisis was solved less by the accuracy of the Prime Minister's interpretation than by the amazing ascendency of Mr. Asquith in every parliamentary situation. It is, indeed, not too much to say that the present English administration remains in office less by virtue of its merits than by reason of Mr. Asquith's willingness, for the present, at any rate, to withhold his opposition to its policy. It has already suffered reorganizations which suggest a weakening control over the House of Commons. Its proceedings have been full of exactly that mystification which the English people dislike most in its political life. The loneliness of Mr. Lloyd George becomes increasingly apparent as time goes on. He has lost the support of official liberalism; he retains the loyalty of the conservative party only by reason of its own clear triumph in his councils. The political future in England is big with the prospect of significant events.

NOT less striking is the revelation this crisis has given of the attitude of British labor to the war. Mr. Henderson probably reached his conclusions from a belief that only the joint interchange of views by the working classes would assuage the Russian suspicion of Allied aims. It now seems clear that British labor has adopted this view also. The immense majority at the recent conference in favor of participation is all the more significant when it is remembered that it was mainly composed of the so-called aristocracy of the British labor movement—the miners, the engineers, the textile operatives. Government refusal of passports may have, as Mr. Bonar Law asserted, a solid basis in the common law. But that only reveals the entire defect of any attitude which subjects political expediency to legal right. If what is in the mind of the German social democracy is known to any one, British labor does not share in that knowledge. It is determined that the war shall not be prolonged through ignorance of intention; and the Stockholm conference seemed to it an admirable means of acquiring the necessary information. The refusal of passports by a war-council, four members of which belong to the extreme wing of the conservative party, is extraordinarily unfortunate. It suggests an alignment of opinions which few moderate Englishmen will like to face. For the moment, the labor movement may be willing to acquiesce in the decision; but the continuance of the war will make pressure against the prolonged absence of definite information as to the terms of peace. If labor cannot acquire information with the consent of the government it may well take other steps. The day has passed in English history when the considered opinion of representative labor could be placed on one side.

TAX exemption for the contemplated three billion dollar loan would necessarily entail the conversion to a higher rate of interest of the entire outstanding Liberty Loan. Nobody imagines that an additional three billions can be raised at a three and one-half per cent rate. We shall have to come to four per cent, at lowest. Now, the three and one-half per cent rate, low as it was for the small investor, was a tempting bait to the men of great wealth whose incomes from ordinary investments were threatened with serious reduction by the income surtaxes. A four per cent tax-exempt bond would offer them increased inducement to throw upon the market their holdings of railway and industrial bonds and invest the proceeds in government bonds. It would thus help to derange the market for taxable securities. If on the other hand the new loan bears a relatively high rate of interest, but is made subject to taxation, it will be sought chiefly by the small investors. Some part of the outstanding Liberty Loan will be converted, but the process cannot go far before the market demand for tax-exempt securities will force it to a premium which will check further conversion. Nor will there be any marked disposition on the part of the very rich to exchange their holdings of ordinary securities for taxable government bonds.

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IT is obvious that the application of selective conscription requires the exercise of a broad and well informed industrial statesmanship. One of the first exemption cases decided by the district board of New York City was that of a small manufacturer of scientific glass instruments, who asserted that if he were drafted his shop would of necessity be closed and his fourteen employees discharged. Exemption was denied, not upon a finding that the allegation of indispensability to the business was invalid, but solely for the reason that the business thrown into disorder was not of such a character as to involve important national interests. But suppose that hundreds of men, instead of just a few, had been thrown out of employment, would the decision have been the same? Are we certain that the selective principle is not in effect to discriminate against the small business and in favor of the large?

"Never Again"

> "If by a pacifist is meant a man who demands an instant peace, regardless of its terms, without thought for the present and without hope for the future, then no one is a pacifist who is not a lunatic. But if by a pacifist is meant a man who desires a speedy and just and a permanent peace, then everyone is a pacifist who is not a criminal."—Lord Buckmaster.

EVER since the war began men and women upon whom it has brought suffering and frustration or who have been outraged by its ruinous malevolence have fallen back on one consolation. They have hoped to wring some compensation from the calamity by using the present war to safeguard mankind against its repetition. In the minds of many soldiers and statesmen the hope has hardened down into a grim determination. Never will they sheathe the sword until something effective has been done to eradicate the causes of war. What is happening now must never happen again.

The determination to prevent at all costs the repetition of such a calamity is at once the most salutary and the most dangerous reaction which the war has produced. It may prove to be salutary because the abolition of war is a practicable enterprise which only needs for its success more intelligence and good will than has as yet been bestowed upon it. If the destruction and slaughter of the past few years had not given birth to some such aspiration and determination, the failure would have been equivalent to a confession of moral and political bankruptcy on the part of our existing civilization. Yet it incurs grave dangers because the determination not to let it happen again has been taken in the midst of war and has been influenced by the psychology of belligerency. Those who repeat the phrase "never again" with the utmost fervor usually propose to use war itself as the chief instrument with which to put an end to war; and they bring to the enterprise the invincible resolution to conquer or perish, which under ordinary conditions is indispensable to the accomplishment of political objects by means of war. The determination to conquer or perish and to use a victory for the final settlement of troublesome specific controversies, as the North did in 1865 or as Prussia did in 1866, might be equally effective in the present instance, provided the proposal to put an end to war could be realized exclusively through the imposition by the victor on the vanquished of certain definite renunciations of territory or political ambitions or military power. But obviously such is not the case. While a victory could be used by the Allies to eradicate certain existing causes of international unrest, others would remain. No matter how good a job might be done in the treaty of peace, the world would within a generation have produced a wholly new crop of troublesome and dangerous international problems without having tested any new method of dealing with them. When our successors came to face their ultimate problems they would derive little help from the trials, the sufferings and the experiments of the present generation. We should have done nothing to supply them with a capable substitute for war. Statesmen cannot try to accomplish too much by means of victorious fighting without tending to perpetuate the instrument by which the costly result is accomplished.

Statesmen who are really in earnest in repeating the phrase "never again," will discriminate sharply between what can and what cannot be accomplished by war in order to prevent war. The chief cause of war is a group of international institutions and a code of international morals which provides no sufficient means of accomplishing desirable or undesirable changes in international arrangements except the awful one of war. If the existing war is to contribute to the ending of war, it must do something to substitute for the international institutions, codes and morals of the past a new international policy which will provide a method less terrible and costly than war of accomplishing necessary or desirable international changes. Manifestly the organization of this better international society will not accrue automatically as the result of victory. It must be born finally of the political principle of voluntary consent and of the political method of joint consultation for the purpose of reaching necessary agreements rather than of the military method of victoriously extinguishing resistance to a national or international policy. It implies, that is, something more than the forcible removal of existing discontents and injustices. It implies the constitution of a legislative and administrative machinery for dealing with future grievance and for

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devising the necessary adjustments to future improvements in economic technique and to future dislocations in economic conditions. Above all, it implies a more wide feeling of international community and a more general sense of responsibility for the well-being of people who are not one's fellow-countrymen.

But, it may be asked, if war itself is incapable of preventing the repetition of the calamities from which the world is now suffering what becomes of the justification for the existing slaughter? The answer is not difficult. It may be impossible to create a new international code and society without fighting a war, even though it were equally impossible to create it merely as the result of victory in war. The obstacle to the organization of such a society is, as we have said, the customary recognition of war as a dubious but still necessary method of accomplishing possibly desirable political results. During the past two centuries, there was one state which more than any other profited from the use of war as a political instrument. The Prussian kingdom began as one of the most insignificant of the German principalities. During the eighteenth century its leaders succeeded as the result of a series of successful wars in annexing neighboring territory until it became one of the most powerful states in Germany. Later in the second half of the nineteenth century Bismarck assumed for Prussia leadership in the German national movement. He used a victory over Austria-Hungary to force the Hapsburgs to abandon dynastic ambitions in Germany. He used the victory in 1870 to force upon France the abandonment of its traditional policy of making French security depend upon a divided Germany; and he sealed his victory by completing German imperial unity under Prussian direction. Thus German policy more than that of any other nation came to embody the tradition of using war to accomplish political objects. Throughout all the international conferences of the last twenty-five years the German delegates obstreperously opposed any attempt to limit the use of war as a political instrument. In July, 1914, the ambition among German statesmen to continue this career of political aggrandizement through military victory continued to flourish in all its vigor. If they hesitated, it was because they were not sure that victory would be forthcoming. They had reason to hesitate as the event proved. Nevertheless, the dream of what victory might do for Germany beguiled them into taking the chance, and once war was begun the necessity of subordinating all considerations of political advantage in order to secure a victory tempted them into Belgium and forced them into a maritime policy which finally sucked into the struggle such an inveterate neutral as the United States. Thus the Germans forced the issue in the world. They have made all too plain that unless this tradition of German victory is smothered in blood, unless the lesson of the dubious value and the barbarism of war as a political instrument is burnt by the branding iron of war itself into the soul of the German nation, its attitude will continue to form an insuperable obstacle to the substitution for war of a more civilized instrument of international readjustment.

The world was, consequently, obliged to use war against Germany in order to prevent Germany from using war to domineer over the world; and unless it had done so, any subsequent attempt to abolish war as the chief instrument of international readjustment would have been condemned to futility. Moreover, once war has been invoked, it is sheer pacifist pedantry not to use it, if possible, in order to remedy such flagrant cases of historical injustice as the partition of Poland. But if the statesmen of the Allies are honestly and intelligently seeking to give a meaning to the words "never again," they must not confuse the attempt to remove by means of war the most flagrant specific causes of international discontent and unrest with "la victoire integrale." The program of no peace without a complete victory for the Allies, justified by the plea that only as a result of complete victory can all the possible future pretexts for war be eradicated, would constitute an implicit vindication of war. It would excuse the representatives of all the discontented nationalities in protesting against the mention of peace until they were in a position to impose on their enemies the most drastic solutions of their several problems, and it would commit the Allies to a prolongation of the fighting at any cost until the Central Powers were powerless to resist the carrying out of their political plans. Considering what the war is now costing the world such a policy might prove fatal. The function of war in international politics should not differ from the function of surgery in the preservation of health. It can be successfully used, but if it is used too drastically it kills or permanently mutilates the patient; and even if the operation is successful the patient must depend for his future health upon his own independent powers of recuperation and growth. While the war was necessary in order to remove a manifest obstacle to the advent of an international policy which was capable of dispensing with war, its services as a pacifier must be essentially negative. Independence for Poland, and Bohemia, Alsace-Lorraine re-united to France, and a new South Slav state would none or all of them secure permanent pacification, if nations are authorized by international custom to enforce their own settlements of problems of international politics by the organization of power.

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If the modern world is ever to substitute for war some other instrument of international readjustment its political leaders must sooner or later make a beginning. In the case of the political leaders of the allied nations there could not be a better time than the present. They have reiterated in public their determination to prevent a repetition of the present war. The fulfilment of their promise must depend ultimately on the framing of some machinery for dealing with international controversies and grievances analogous to the machinery with which they deal with domestic controversies and grievances. They cannot begin too soon in the creation of such a machinery, not because their first experiments are likely to be successful, but because an early attempt is becoming indispensable as an evidence of good faith. It is for them to prove that statesmen can use war in order to defeat war without becoming the victim of their own ghastly weapon. It is for them to vindicate their use of war to prevent the victory of Germany by testifying to their ultimate confidence in the alternative political method of consultation and consent. They can hardly expect Germans to believe the Entente really wishes to put an end to war as long as it continues to depend on war for the accomplishment of its immediately important political objects. If the enemies of Germany are to create a new international policy based on a better international morality they themselves must soon begin to act upon the moral and political principles of which any enduring international society must be the expression.

The Other Half of the Shipping Board's Task

TO build ships is a work the importance of which no one can now overlook. This is a work that appears to the layman definite and tangible. It has absorbed popular attention almost to the exclusion of everything else. Yet it is only half of the work that the Shipping Board is required to execute. The other half consists in the control, in the national interest, of the shipping we already have, and in devising rules for the operation of the new shipping that will come into our possession.

To secure the maximum performance of existing tonnage is virtually to create new tonnage. We may here draw an analogy from what has been accomplished in the field of railway transportation. Before we entered the war we were already suffering from a shortage of freight cars and locomotives. The war enormously increased the work that the railways had to do. And they are doing it. It has been said by men who have an intimate acquaintance with the transportation conditions of the country as a whole that never were the really vital transportation needs more promptly and adequately cared for than they are to-day. When troops are to be moved the trains are at hand. When cantonments are to be built the materials are on the ground as soon as they are required. The war industries are not in the least delayed for lack of fuel or materials. For this gratifying state of affairs we have to thank the railway committee of the Advisory Council. Under their able management every car is put where it will do the most work. The economies in operation that have been instituted since the declaration of war have virtually added to our railway equipment thousands of locomotives and tens of thousands of cars. Can we point to any similar triumphs of organizing ability in the handling of our ocean-going shipping?

It would appear that an elementary duty of the Shipping Board was to ascertain, as soon as the submarine menace became serious, what ships we had, what their speed and quickness of helm, and to determine which ones it was expedient to place in the dangerous North Atlantic trade. Private interest might send into European waters ships that would fall an easy prey to the submarines. The public interest might well decree otherwise. According to apparently reliable press accounts, we have in the last three months taken sailing vessels off their accustomed routes and sent them across the Atlantic. They have been sunk, as might have been expected. Isolated instances of this kind may not greatly matter, but they tend to confirm the impression that we have had no systematic organized effort to determine the use of our shipping according to its fitness.

Inasmuch as there has not been, since the outbreak of the war, sufficient tonnage for all requirements, the need for a fully worked out system of priority has been pressing. The recognition of a priority principle is in part responsible for the remarkable record of the railways. They do not furnish cars for hauling road gravel when more vital needs are to be satisfied. In the case of our ocean carriers, there is no evidence of the existence of any other rule except that of competitive ability to pay—a very doubtful priority principle in time of war.

To be sure, there is one exception to the competitive rule: The army and navy get what shipping they want. But long before we entered the war British experience had made it clear that the military and naval authorities cannot be depended upon to use tonnage economically. Our Shipping Board ought to have been prepared to insist upon control of the shipping required by the army and navy. How far the military authorities do actually convey to the Shipping Board precise advance in-

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formation as to their transportation requirements, thus enabling the Board to have shipping at hand when needed without keeping it idle for long periods, it is of course impossible for an outsider to discover. But from what one may glean from murmurings about the ports, one may surmise that we are to parallel the British experience of wasteful use of tonnage by the army and navy.

The business of ocean freighting in time of war assumes a public character. It involves national interests in a high degree, and in a world war it involves international public interests. Our ships and those of our allies are engaged in the performance of a common public service. There ought to be the closest international coöperation on the ocean. A considerable time has elapsed since the British authorities offered a proposal of international operation. What progress has been made by our Shipping Board in this direction? One surmises, little.

The problem of ocean freight charges has long been vexing us. Charters are exorbitant; scarcely any war industry offers more glaring examples of profiteering than ocean transportation. What has the Shipping Board done about this? Nothing.

Soon the Shipping Board will be operating ships constructed by the Emergency Shipbuilding Corporation. It will then have to grapple with the problem of charges it is to impose. If the plans for requisitioning all American shipping above 2,500 tons are carried out the problem of charges will not wait. Shall we levy upon the shipper merely cost freights, or shall we charge all that the traffic will bear, covering the profits into the treasury? In the former case, we shall present huge gains to the shipper who is lucky enough to secure cargo space. American goods are dear in Argentina because they are scarce. They will remain equally scarce and dear so long as the present tonnage situation persists. The exporter who happens to get goods to Argentina at cost freights will reap a rich and unmerited harvest.

But if we charge what the traffic will bear, what of the ships building on foreign account that we have recently commandeered? Shall we take ships that are equitably the property of British nationals, though taken over by us with British consent under the war emergency, and use them to earn a net revenue for our government? The Shipping Board will have to determine, and quickly.

It is clear that the Shipping Board has a vast deal of work to do besides supervising the Shipbuilding Corporation. It is extremely delicate and difficult work. For its successful execution it is doubtful whether the Board has all the powers requisite. But the Board has been face to face with its problems for many months. If it had asked for additional powers to carry out a well coördinated scheme of controlled tonnage operation it is hard to believe that Congress would have withheld them. The Railway Committee has achieved its results without adequate powers. We had a right to expect analogous results from our Shipping Board. We haven't them: it is useless to gloss the fact.

For this state of affairs a partial explanation lies in the preoccupation of the former chairman of the Board with questions lying primarily in the province of the Emergency Shipbuilding Corporation. In the later period of his incumbency Mr. Denman seems to have been engrossed too deeply in the business of controlling the work of General Goethals to have time and energy over for organizing a systematic program of shipping operation. With the chairman thus engaged, the other members of the Board, however alive to the need of action, were naturally powerless to achieve anything substantial. The net result, as it appears to unofficial observers, is striking. Mr. Denman bequeathed to his successor unsolved practically all the problems of shipping control that have presented themselves from the beginning. General Goethals left to his successor what must remain the substantial foundations of the work of the Emergency Corporation. Details, such as the percentage of contractor's profits, the tenure of land on which the government's shipbuilding plants are to be erected, may have to be revised. Some changes may be made in ship designs; different solutions may be sought for labor problems that may arise. It remains true that Admiral Capps takes up the work at a point far in advance of that where General Goethals found it. It is not apparent how Mr. Hurley can profit greatly from Mr. Denman's work, at any rate outside of the Emergency Corporation's field.

It would be unjust to the members of the Shipping Board to ascribe this lack of positive results to any lack of energy or ability on their part. The Board was created to perform a work more or less similar to that of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now, we have the highest respect for the administrative abilities of the Interstate Commerce Commission, yet we do not believe that the Commission could have achieved such success in unifying railway operation and increasing the effectiveness of the service as has been achieved by Mr. Willard and the other members of his committee.

At such a time as the present the control of shipping requires the services of practical shipping men who are capable of taking a statesmanlike view of the service as a whole. But shipping men were not well represented in the Shipping Board as it was originally constituted, nor are they well represented

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in the reorganized Board. Of the four members now serving, only one, Mr. Donald, is experienced in the shipping field. And there has not appeared alongside of the Shipping Board a powerful shipping committee of the Advisory Council to handle the technical knowledge and provide the industrial statesmanship required by the emergency.

All this, no doubt, will come eventually, as the shipping enterprise of our government gains in magnitude. But in the meantime such shipping as we have is less effective than it ought to be. And we can no more afford to forego some part of the full efficiency of our existing tonnage than we can afford to slacken speed in the construction of new ships.

What the Statesman Knows

WHAT would one see if he could penetrate the mask of serene confidence that every responsible statesman in the warring countries has assumed? Satisfied ambition, pride of place? No: there is probably not a prime minister or chancellor or secretary of state who would not gladly surrender his post if the interests of his party and class and nation and international group permitted. Full faith in a victory that will actually yield the fruits for which the peoples yearn? No: the statesman knows that great wars always produce results more or less equivocal. The statesman knows too much. Therefore beyond other men he is oppressed with doubts, perplexities, despairs.

The statesman knows, as no one else is permitted to know, just what forces actually confront each other now and will confront each other at each point of time until the war shall be wound up. We ordinary mortals guess at the number of men Germany has lost and the number she still has. We guess at the British divisions in the field, the French losses, the Italian effectives. We guess how long it will take before the American millions will appear in France. We guess vainly and wildly at the relative equipment and munitions supply of either side. And even if we guessed right as to the numbers and guns, we should not know how far a given weight of attack will penetrate a given armor of defense. All these things the statesman knows, if he is at all competent to his task.

The statesman knows the rate of attrition on either side, and the natural rate of recuperation. Therefore he can judge pretty accurately at what time in the future one line or the other will snap, and he knows the price the winning side will pay. He knows, too, whether flesh and blood will stand the strain of the attrition process up to the point of the breaking of the weaker line. In short, the competent statesmen on either side must know with approximate certainty how the war is coming out. Lloyd-George and Michaelis, Ribot and Czernin probably differ very little among themselves in their forecasts of the final outcome. If it is written that France shall recover Alsace-Lorraine, Serbia shall gain possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Italy of Trieste, all these statesmen can read the writing. If it is written that none of these things shall come to pass, the statesmen have already read.

The war is a game, the outcome of which is clear to all the players. The cards are out, and every player knows what each other player holds. What other military power will enter the war? What other instrument of destruction will be invented before its close? What chance is there that a Napoleon will rise out of the mass of workmanlike mediocrity? Raw players might dream of such chances, but the experienced statesmen who now hold power exclude them from consideration. The war will be won or lost with the forces now engaged or drawing toward the field of contest at rates easily calculable. Surprises are in store for the ignorant, not for the statesmen.

But if this is true, why do not the statesmen throw down the cards and distribute the winnings in the way that is foreordained? If they can see how the war is to end, why should one million men, or two millions or three, die miserably that the rest of the world may see the light? Because a factor in the contest is morale, and according to the rules of the game the first move to end it would change the moral conditions of both sides. And according to the conventions of the game he who moves is supposed to lose. The Teutonic statesmen may see that they are destined to lose Lorraine. If they admitted this, so it is conventionally assumed, they would weaken German morale and strengthen that of their enemies. It is supposed that they would lose Alsace too. The Italian statesmen may see that they are not to get Trieste. If they admit it, they might, according to the conventions, fail to get even Trent. The statesmen may foresee—they must foresee—the general outcome. But they are bound to the wheel. They dare not move. They must play out the hideous game to its end, while the myriads die. At least they imagine they must.

The statesmen look on impotently as the international struggle works out its due conclusion. And while this is going on the structure of the society that produced them and elevated them to their positions of power and dignity is crumbling, crumbling relentlessly. The wealth that sustained the classes that rule is wasting in part, in part shifting from the makers of the commodities of peace to the makers of the munitions of war; from the old rich whose ownership was sanctified by prescription, to the newly enriched, whose ownership connotes only

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brute possession. The organizing ability and the habits of industrial subordination that composed the cohesive principle of the old order are being transformed into generalship and military obedience. The problem of governing is assuming a new face. If the war must continue through years, new personalities, new parties will seize power to put into effect quite new programs. While the statesmen hold up their hands and stubbornly play out the game of fate, fire smoulders beneath them. It has already sent flames into the open in Russia, where the political economic structure was relatively flimsy. In Germany, England, France and the United States the fire may still smoulder for years without producing collapse. But only generals and amateurs talk of ten or fifteen years of war. The statesmen know better. In much less than ten years the structure of our old individualistic society would be beyond repair.

Every European power is visibly drawing near to the point where it will be impossible for it to pay interest on its war debt and find sufficient additional revenues to meet the ordinary expenses of a vigorous and constructive government. The United States, being still fresh, can carry the common financial burden for several years, if necessary, but in the end even the United States would find itself more weighted down than a government of the traditional type can endure. It may be said that debt does not impoverish a nation: that what must be paid out in taxes by the citizens is repaid in interest to the citizens. Granted: but when a government fulfils chiefly the role of collecting revenues from part of its citizens to pay interest to others, its hold upon the general body of the people becomes weak. Its resistance to revolutionary forces becomes feeble. It may be urged that the governments may repudiate their debts and start afresh. Yes: but with what impetus to revolutionary discontent? The debts of to-day are too widely held for repudiation. They are not distributed with sufficient uniformity to create a natural balance between interest and taxation. Accordingly their growth is a menace to the old political order. It is a lever of revolution.

The statesman knows that the social order with which he is familiar, of which he must fundamentally approve, is gradually disintegrating under the prolongation of the war. He knows that the class which he represents, the class of the wealthy, the enterprising and the intellectual, have most to lose through this disintegration. The have-nothings and their partisan representatives have most to gain. The statesman knows that the socialistic state, which seemed to almost every one an absurd, impractical dream three years ago, may come within measurable distance of realization if the war drags on. Yet what can the statesman do? If he moves for peace, the very class whose existence is most seriously menaced by a prolongation of the war will turn against him and rend him. The nation whose interest he seeks to serve will call him traitor. A Napoleon would have made his calculations, decided how to protect his own personal interest, and have awaited calmly the ultimate turn of events. The statesmen at the head of affairs to-day are not calculating monsters. They suffer with the classes they represent, the countries they serve. They dare not move to alleviate the agonies and abate the losses of the nations. So at any rate it seems.

The Food Control Muddle in New York

THE success of the national food control law will depend as much upon the disinterested coöperation of the states and municipalities as upon the administrative ability of Mr. Hoover. In announcing his determination to take drastic steps to prevent speculation in wheat and the glutting of warehouses, Mr. Hoover makes it clear that his first object will be to use his extraordinary powers to protect our allies from hunger. Unquestionably his first duty is so to direct the flow of basic commodities that our allies and their armies, as well as our own men at the front, may be fed. That he will take similar steps to protect the domestic consumer from exploitation is manifest from his preliminary unofficial announcements. But if he is to deal effectively with the difficult international problem, he will have to look to the states and cities for whole-hearted coöperation in solving the problem of domestic distribution. It is the patriotic duty of the people to see to it that the local authorities do not permit considerations of personal or partisan advantage to double his load.

In this connection, the responsibility of the people of New York is greater than that of any other community. The markets of New York City alone supply almost one-tenth of the country's population; as our national distributing system is organized, the producers of perishables from Maine to Florida, from Texas to California and Washington, are at their mercy to an extraordinary degree. Moreover, New York City contains a larger population at the margin of poverty than any other American municipality. This population is the point of least resistance in the body politic, the point at which food riots are most likely to break out. Incompetence or selfishness on the part of those who control New York's distributive machinery is sabotage of the most insidious kind.

These facts are well known. And yet the men in places of power persist in trifling with the situ-

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ation. The food control problem in New York is in a state of disgraceful muddle due to the personal ambitions of certain well intentioned individuals in New York City and to political jugglery at Albany.

More than three years ago, the legislature enacted a law, which was signed by a Democratic governor, creating a State Department of Foods and Markets, with ample power to begin the modernization of the food distributing system. Within a few months, the State went Republican and Mr. Whitman and a Republican legislature were swept into office. The foods and markets law had been drafted by Mr. John J. Dillon in response to the demand of the farmers; Mr. Dillon, a Democrat, though never identified with the Democratic machine, had been made Commissioner of the new department. Governor Whitman apparently found this situation exceeding distasteful. His support had come largely from the farmers who were in revolt against Tammany's control of the legislature and the scandalous revelations of the Sulzer impeachment. It was important to consolidate this support, and for this purpose the control of the Department of Foods and Markets—the department which the farmers regarded as peculiarly their own—seemed essential. For various reasons Mr. Dillon was strong with the farmers. To replace him with a reliable, machine Republican would have been politically indiscreet; to forego the control of his staff seemed politically inexpedient. To escape this dilemma, the Governor began to criticise the fundamental law of Mr. Dillon's department as inadequate and announced his intention of superseding it with a more comprehensive and satisfactory measure.

On this ostensible ground, he and his supporters in the legislature moved to starve Mr. Dillon out. An attempt was made to withhold financial support. The farmers rebelled. An insignificant appropriation of $15,000 was granted. Next year the attempt was renewed. Again the farmers protested. An appropriation of $24,500 was allowed, for a department vested with the supervision of a market doing a billion dollars' worth of business a year. In spite of this heel-snapping, Mr. Dillon, by turning his salary into the working fund of his department, managed to render definite services to the farmers and consumers. He checked the manipulation of the bread and egg markets in New York City; by inaugurating public auctions he saved millions of dollars to the apple growers of the state; and by exercising his legal power to act as business agent for the organized dairy farmers, he gave them an effective voice in fixing the price of milk which had hitherto been dictated by the great middle-men. Moreover, he gave proof of his disinterested good faith by offering to resign his commissionership provided the governor would sponsor a law which the farmers could support, a law that would provide for the establishment of wholesale terminal markets by the state or by the state and city jointly; that would place cold and dry storage plants under state ownership or control; that would empower municipalities or agents of the state to buy food directly from the farmers and sell directly to the retailers or ultimate consumers; and that would foster the organization of coöperative societies both among consumers and producers.

It is possible that the Governor might have taken advantage of this offer if he had been master of the legislature. But the dominant figure there is the Republican leader of the senate, Mr. Elon R. Brown, an able, shrewd reactionary who is much more deeply concerned with the protection of established business than with the political fortunes of Mr. Whitman. [Mr. Brown was the author of the notorious bill which (under guise of military necessity) sought to break down the law limiting the hours of work for women and children.]

At a recent gathering of farmers in Syracuse, Governor Whitman made Mr. Dillon's program his own. But in seeking new legislation, the Governor is compelled to work through Mr. Brown, and Mr. Brown has no use for what he calls Mr. Dillon's "socialistic" proposals. Time and again the Governor has pleaded with the leader of the Senate to give him a bill that would supersede Mr. Dillon without alienating the farmers. He has pleaded for the incorporation of Mr. Dillon's major proposals, properly safeguarded. Mr. Brown has gone so far as to confer with Mr. Dillon and to approve a compromise measure on which both could agree. Bill after bill has been drafted, but in each case Mr. Dillon's proposals have come out of committee thoroughly emasculated and the farmers would have none of them. In despair the Governor has finally called a special session of the legislature, hoping to secure his object as a war emergency measure. But again Mr. Brown is at his old tricks. Mr. Dillon proposed that municipalities should be given power to buy and sell food at their discretion. This proposal was endorsed by the Governor. In Mr. Brown's latest bill it appears in the following form:

> Any municipality in this state may in case of famine or when deprivation of necessaries for any part of its inhabitants creates an emergency therefor, purchase food with municipal funds or on municipal credit, and sell the same to its inhabitants, but before the exercise of any such power or authority by any municipality, it shall have the consent in writing from the state food commission to exercise such power. The mayor, if any, and the governing body or bodies of any such municipality shall file with the state food commission a resolution and certificate stating that such a necessity has arisen in said municipality, and otherwise satisfy

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the state food commission that such a necessity exists. The state food commission shall act upon the application as in its judgment the public interest requires.

Again the farmers are in revolt. The Governor cannot get what he wants; he will not give Mr. Dillon the support essential to the efficient development of the existing department. And while this political jugglery goes on, food rots on the ground and thousands of consumers go hungry.

To make the muddle worse, Mr. George W. Perkins, Chairman of Mayor Mitchel's Food Supply Committee, exerts his great influence with Governor Whitman to have himself made the head of any state commission on foods and markets which the Governor may be empowered to appoint. Mr. Perkins, although vehemently denying that he has assimilated any of Mr. Dillon's ideas, has by a process of independent reflection made Mr. Dillon's program his own. He too advocates public terminal markets, state ownership of dry and cold storage plants, direct buying and selling by municipalities. But, in his opinion, Mr. Dillon is not a large enough man to be entrusted with the administration of such comprehensive measures. Mr. Dillon, as Mr. Perkins sees him, is a faddist, subject to vagaries, a man who takes up with every wild demagogic notion that drifts down the wind. Mr. Perkins not only has progressive ideas, but he long ago mastered the technique of big business. He cannot believe that the wage workers of the city are really offended by his magnificent philanthropic manner. Did they not eat with rejoicing and gratitude the smelts and rice and Brazilian beans with which he smote the corner in potatoes and onions last winter? The farmers are said to regard him with certain distrust, but that is because they have never given him an opportunity to prove how disinterestedly he is their friend. At this moment there is before the special session of the legislature a bill providing for the creation of a State Food Control Commission of three members. The Governor has made it known he will make Mr. Perkins head of the Commission. Various farmers' organizations have filed protests against Mr. Perkins's appointment. The farmers prefer Mr. Dillon. But both Mr. Perkins and the Governor are convinced that Mr. Perkins is the better man and they are apparently agreed that whatever the action of the legislature, coöperation with Mr. Dillon in the development of the existing department will be against the best public interest.

Mr. Dillon has announced that in his opinion the situation is so critical that it must be met at once and without reference to personal or political considerations. He believes with President Wilson and Mr. Hoover that a food control law to be effective should be under the administration of one man. He is not absolutely convinced that the only man for the place is himself. In view of the critical attitude of the farmers, he doubts whether Mr. Perkins would be the happiest choice. But since Mr. Perkins and the Governor have taken over his program, he declares his readiness to throw his whole-hearted support to Mr. Perkins, provided Mr. Perkins and the Governor will stand by the program and secure its enactment into law. Together these three men, if they sincerely combined their forces in the public interest, could undoubtedly carry the legislature with them. But already the Governor has begun to wobble. He is apparently unwilling to fight Mr. Brown in the open. He has again intimated his readiness to compromise. The Democrats in the legislature are taking advantage of his vacillation to prod him back to the position which he took before the farmers at Syracuse. Mr. Perkins, while bombarding the legislature with telegrams and trying to stiffen the Governor's back, refuses to meet Mr. Dillon on terms of coöperative equality. Mayor Mitchel, for reasons best known to himself, keeps hands off and is abysmally silent.

So the muddle goes merrily on while food rots on the ground and thousands go hungry. The special session of the legislature drags along, money that should be used in constructive public service, money that Mr. Dillon has asked for in vain, is spent to no purpose. Unless the people of the state develop a keener sense of the situation than they have hitherto manifested and force an end to it, the summer will pass with food riots looming black upon the horizon of autumn and winter. Instead of getting under their fair share of the load, the politicians of the Empire State are doing everything in their power to make Mr. Hoover's task impossible. They are practicing political sabotage against their own constituents and the people of the nation.

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What America Will Fight For

POLITICS means getting certain things done. Some body of persons, elected or self-constituted, take charge, deciding and executing. In the degree in which a society is democratic this governing group has to get the assent and support of large masses of people. In the degree in which the things to be done run counter to the inertia, bias and apparent interests of the masses, certain devices of manipulation have to be resorted to. The political psychology of the older school, that of Bentham and Mill, taught that in a democratic state the governing body would never want to do anything except what was in the interests of the governed. But experience has shown that this view was over-naïve. Practical political psychology consists largely in the technique of the expert manipulation of men en masse for ends not clearly seen by them, but which they are led to believe are of great importance for them.

Thus the psychology of the professional politician resembles that of the prestidigitator. The attention of those to be influenced is directed to objects and acts which habit has rendered congenial and attractive, and meantime something quite different is carried forward to an unforeseen result. As a rule the most effective form of motivation is one which combines appeal to highly idealistic ends with appeal to immediate profit: the Old Flag and an appropriation, the prevention of the vicious schemes of the opposing party plus a larger price for crops and general prosperity.

The political leader perpetually forgets, however, that the state of public imagination and interest is in flux, and that the time comes when the cumulative effect of minor changes is so great that the people cannot be "handled" after the old fashion. Then the politician goes on repeating the old slogans and cries and is baffled by failure to get the wonted reaction. Is this going to happen in connection with the demand for intense and unified motivation imposed by the war? There is an old and established technique of supplying motive in wartime. Many newspapers and some public men do not seem capable of now responding in any other way than the old, and hence they are incapable of imagining people at large being moved in unprecedented ways. If these men guess wrong and have any large influence in determining the course of popular appeal, the error in practical psychology will have incalculable consequences for evil.

The orthodox technique is exhibited in gross in any collection of war posters; in more refined ways it is seen in any anthology of patriotic poetry. Home and hearth, defense of ancestral altars and graves, glory and honor, bravery and self-immolation are its familiar themes.

There are serious reasons for doubting the availability of this mode of procedure at the present time. The domestic politics and issues of the last few years, the history of the war as reported to the American people up to the time of our entrance, our geographical isolation and our racial composition coöperate to make reliance upon it an exceedingly precarious undertaking. Yet many souls which are ardent for the war and who suspect the country of undue apathy are urging wholesale recourse to it. The Washington correspondent of a newspaper which has been insistent as to our share in the war ever since the sinking of the Lusitania recently clearly set it forth. It is not hard, he said in effect, to account for a general apathy. The motives which have usually led nations into war have been promise of national gain, urgent fear of an immediate danger and smouldering habits of hate, which are readily blown into flame. But the United States has deliberately eschewed all national aggrandizement; it does not sincerely believe that its national destiny or security is threatened, and we have been officially warned to set aside hatred and rancor. It would seem as if these premises pointed to some psychology of appeal unlike the time-honored one. But the implication of this writer is indicated in his sigh for a Zeppelin or for German submarines at our coast. Wait, he seemed to say, until our men get into battle, and the casualty lists come in. Then fear and hate will awake and we may expect " enthusiasm " for war. One expects this line of argument from confirmed pacifists when they set forth the evils of war, but when it comes from a journal devoted to the war cause it shows how serious may be the consequences of a wrong reading of popular psychology. For if fear and hate are the things which are to be chiefly aroused, is there not a probability that, with our historic commitments, they will turn against war itself rather than against Germany?

There is a saturation point for all human emotions. All the warring nations manifest war weariness. To some extent this is because it is impossible to keep year after year the emotions at the pitch to which they rose at first. And we who have shared in the war only vicariously, only through reading, have gone through a like satiation. The earlier days, the days of Liége, Louvain, the Lusitania, the days when hope and dread trembled in

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suspense, cannot be relived. Along with this repleteness of feeling goes political skepticism. Although capable of great ruthlessness in action, we are lenient and amiable in our judgments. Very large numbers of our citizens, including those of strong pro-Allies feeling, have systematically taught themselves to discount all of the more violent appeals to passion. The resulting skepticism extends to pretty much the entire apparatus of traditional slogans. The once burning catchwords of honor and glory, prestige and power, fall coldly on the ear. To be actively stirred by these ideals at the same time that one has been taught to believe that Germany's surrender to them is responsible for the world tragedy is not a congenial or natural attitude. To create a war motivation by resort to "patriotic" appeal when large numbers of people are convinced that nationalistic patriotism was chiefly responsible for the outbreak of war is to operate against the tide of events and almost to invite failure. Burnt-out ashes cannot be made to glow, no matter how fervid the appeal.

If one asks for the alternative motivation, analysis of the motives which have been operative up to the present time seems to give the answer. There is the sense of a job to be undertaken in a businesslike way, and there is a vague but genuine vision of a world somehow made permanently different by our participation in a task which taken by itself is intensely disliked. There comes to mind the picture of the young men who responded to the call for officers in training. There was no hip-hurrah, no illusions of glory and grandeur, no enthusiasm if enthusiasm means excitement and intoxication of motive, no hatred, no desire for revenge. Conventional heroics and self-hypnotism stirred by crowd-hypnotism were replaced by a serious earnestness, whose chief trait was the sense of a job to be done, a hard job, but one which had to be done so that it could be done with. Such a motivation lacks the glamor and impetuous rush of traditional war psychology. By way of compensation it is infinitely more potential for intelligence, and it is in line with our habitual national psychology—the psychology of a businesslike people.

So conventional are our views, however, that there is little perception of its availability and efficacy for intense and collective motivation. The American people has inherited the romantic European tradition, according to which the business-wise disposition is merely a sign of a mercenary and dollar-chasing mentality. Consequently we disguise its hold over us. If we recognized the feudal, landlordly and predatory bias back of the tradition we should perceive that a businesslike psychology is one of intelligent perception of ends to be accomplished and effective selection and orderly arrangement of means for their execution. And our national intelligence is as shrewd and quick in this direction as it is slow and insensitive in esthetic perceptions or in sustained hatreds. Anyone who cares to observe the type of war interest which exists all around him instead of feeding his eyes with his hopes and fears may note how largely it is an interest in specific results and in the technology of their accomplishment. This is, indeed, a novel psychosis for war, so unheard of that it will require sincerity of insight to trust it, to appeal to it. But any other course involves a dangerous underestimation of the political education undergone by the American people during the past years and of the average level of political intelligence. We are in a peculiar situation. There is dense ignorance of European conditions, histories and policies; but there is a lively and fairly accurate sense of the drift of events and of the type of results to be attained. To inform this sense with knowledge, to translate the anticipation of what is desired into a workable program of measures, to take the American people into confidence with respect to what has to be done and the ways of doing it is a method strangely remote from bellicose heroics, but one likely to prove strangely effective.

This sense of a job to be accomplished cannot be segregated from an underlying national idealism. Here, too, history is prophetic. What various leagues and societies totally failed to accomplish in the way of stirring up the American people when they appealed to fear, hatred and revenge, when they emphatically harped on rights and honor, that President Wilson effected when he addressed himself to the American desire for stable peace and an established amity of peoples through comity of democratic nations. A task has to be accomplished to abate an international nuisance, but in the accomplishing there is the prospect of a world organization and the beginnings of a public control which crosses nationalistic boundaries and interests. It is not, in my opinion, fair to say that these aims are as yet immediate actualities; too much remains to be done. But it is ridiculous to say that they are mere idealistic glosses, sugar-coatings of the bitter pill of war. They present genuine possibilities, objects of a fair adventure. And almost any day the shifting course of events may give them an engrossing actuality. If that day comes, the fervor of the crusader in behalf of the heart's desire will add itself to interest in a workmanlike performance in behalf of a necessary task. Meantime the course of those interested in securing the necessary motivation for war is to keep the ways open and clear for the coming of this reinforcing and consummating impetus.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Is England an Island?

EVERY Englishman is brought up to think and sometimes to sing that there are special advantages in living on an island; as, that he can never be a slave, that he does not need a large conscript army, and that so long as he keeps command of the sea "the loud blast that tears the skies, serves but to root his native oak," and so on. These advantages are not so obvious now-a-days. The seas between Belgium and the Downs are too narrow to let England be indifferent to the fate of Belgium, even if she had nothing but her selfish interest to think about, and in consequence she has had to raise an army as big as those of continental Powers. One clear advantage left to her by her island position and her command of the sea, was that she could not be invaded, but now with the recent air raids on London, even this advantage seems to have gone. England can be, and frequently is, invaded, and the deaths and bodily injuries amongst her civil population as a result of the enemy's operations by air seem likely to mount up before the end of the war to more than Belgium has suffered by invasion on land and actual occupation. In the political sense, therefore, if not in the geographical, England has ceased to be an island; or rather, let us say, she will have ceased unless there are some means of making her secure against invasion by the air.

For it is impossible that Englishmen should ever acquiesce in the loss of this immunity from invasion which has been the greatest of her privileges and contributed more than any other single cause to the early establishment of her free political institutions. Only in a country which has nothing to fear from the foreign invader would it have been possible to push the rights of the individual as against the state so far as was done in England. The sole foundation of a despotism is fear of some sort, and the only fear strong enough to supply a permanent foundation is the fear of actual extinction such as invasion brings. For these reasons, if for no others, it is impossible to treat an air raid on London, which is an invasion, as though it were a mere tactical incident. If sea power cannot defend the country against invasion, and if further it cannot guarantee the safety of communications over the sea from the submarine, it is obvious that we shall have to revise all our ideas about the value of sea power. It would be a strange paradox if a land Power like Germany were able to wage the war entirely on the territory of her enemy and the maritime Power were to fail not only to carry the war into the enemy's country, but even to keep it away from her own. If this paradox were to be accepted, all the former advantages, political and military, of England's island position would go to America. She is out of range of invasion of air and being a continent independent more or less of imported supplies, submarines, though they might annoy, could not possibly deal her a deadly injury.

But whatever the apologists for the British failure in the last air raid may say, the people of England do not accept the view that they have ceased to live on an island and that they are now part of the Continent of Europe with a ditch between them and it. In English law the ownership of the soil gives ownership of all that lies beneath it as far as hell and of all the air above it as far as heaven. There is no such thing as ownership of the sea, but if command of the sea is to be anything, it must be command, not only of the surface but of the waters down to the bottom and of the air to the limit at which it is possible to breathe at all. To restrict our conception of sea power to the mere surface of the sea is to condemn the navy to an ineffectiveness which, as the years go on and possibilities of the new invention are explored, will approach zero. Already the too limited view of sea power has involved England in severe penalties, the submarine campaign and the success of the early Zeppelin raids, won at the time when the old idea of the navy as the first line of defense against invasion from over the sea was still intact. The consequence of the Admiralty failure to protect England against the Zeppelin was that we began to rely on stationary defense. The old sound strategy which believed in defeating an invasion before it reached our shores gave way to the radically false idea that what we had to do was to defeat the invaders when they had come. Military ideas of defense in the air had driven out sound naval doctrine. And yet one cannot sympathize with the Admiralty for the loss of its prerogative of defense in the air. It had its chance and missed it. Instead of taking a broad view of the problems of our air defense it regarded the air service as a mere handmaid to naval operations. It seems beyond any doubt that if the horizon of the Admiralty's ideas before the war had been less restricted, it could have arranged to make itself solely responsible for our defense against raiders through the air as it has always done against raiders on the surface of the sea.

The War Office, however, in spite of the warn-

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ing of the Admiralty's failure, proceeded to make exactly the same mistake. It never considered in a really broad spirit the changes that air power was to make in military tactics, but it regarded aeroplanes as a mere adjunct to conventional military operations. Between the War Office and the Admiralty there was a good deal of rivalry for the possession of air power and after a great deal of controversy an Air Board was set up, which included representatives of both, but the mere fact that the new department was run by a Board and not by a separate Ministry was a sure sign that the old mistakes were to be perpetuated, and that air power was to be developed as an auxiliary to the army and navy and not as a new and revolutionary force in war. The excuse made for the raid on London that the army at the front must have the preference is the more amazing the longer one thinks of it. It shows that the army was still under the idea that England was somehow "out of bounds." What would have been said of the Admiralty if it had pleaded that it could not defend British ports or British shipping because it was engaged in operations off the enemy's coast? Besides the bare conception of a rivalry between the needs of the battle front proper and the needs of home defense, is false. The air is all one and if an enemy is sufficiently strong in the air to raid London, the odds are that he is sufficiently strong to look after himself in France. The truth is that the standards of superiority in the air which the Air Board set up for itself were altogether too low. If the naval standard of two to one is the lowest consistent with safety on the surface of the sea, then two to one was the lowest standard consistent with safety in the air. Further, considering that our air service is not for defense over the sea alone, but has also to assist the offensive on land, a moment's reflection should have shown that even this standard—which we have never yet reached—is dangerously low. It might be sufficient to maintain a balance more or less favorable to ourselves in France, it is wofully insufficient to sustain an offensive.

The German raids on London have driven home one lesson about the use of air power. A bare superiority means that the war in the air continues to be fought over our own territory or that of our Allies. To carry the war into German territory in such a way as to secure definite military results such a supremacy is needed as will prevent German airmen from ever rising. Such a supremacy, if we could hold it for three months, would gain us victory in the war. We could bomb Krupps so persistently that no work would be possible there. We could destroy the Rhine bridges, so that no supplies, even if they could be manufactured, could reach the German army. The effect would be to double and treble the relative strength of the allied armies to the German. Had the truth of this view been seen twelve months ago, we might by this time have been in a winning position and that at a much smaller expenditure of life and at a much smaller cost to the industry and finance of the country.

The truth was not seen a year ago because admirable as is the work done by the Royal Flying Corps and by the Royal Naval Air Service, both War Office and Admiralty were too busy in defending their own prerogative over the air to take a broad and long view of all the changes that this new arm would make in the art of war. The Germans too were nearly as slow to see them, for, though they have taken a lead, it is only a slight one and the prospects of our catching up to them are very good. Already views about the future of air power which would have seemed wild only two months ago, though they were put forward even then, are now the commonplaces for discussion upon the war. It is not the least of our debt to America, that her energy and foresight in preparing a huge air fleet has enabled us to look forward with confidence to attaining the superiority required —not this year, alas! but next year. And it is not the least of the services of Germany to our war policy that by raiding London they have at last knocked the truth into our heads.

H. SIDEBOTHAM.

Manchester, England.

Religion and the World Issue

A DEGREE of amazement and grief has seized many souls as they realize the ineffectiveness of the religious forces in this splendid new crisis of our American and the world life. No epoch in human history has been more charged with religious significance. No other would seem so peremptorily to claim the prompt mobilization of organized religion. Yet it stands even more bewildered and less determined than other agencies. Messages from the pulpits are confused and confusing. Attempts of representative groups to rally scattered forces in a concerted, constructive program are relatively feeble.

This remains to many a sad anomaly. Its explanation is clearer to those who have analyzed the religious developments and tendencies of the past few decades. There can be little hope of the effective mobilizing of American religious forces for the new world federation until certain profound transformations have been achieved not only

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in religious organization but in fundamental religious conceptions.

The thrill of the present world-crisis is for the soul with a passion for democracy. In our orthodox religious conceptions this passion is weak or lacking. It reaches no deeper than the social surfaces; faith in elemental democracy is reserved and incidental. Democracy, in so far as it is admirable, is a desirable makeshift, a convenient but ephemeral device to stop the gap between now and when the benevolent and unerring divine Autocracy shall be ushered in. The idea of striving deity, now triumphant, now succumbing, to triumph again among the uncertainties of the moral order, is incomprehensible heresy. None of our approved creeds accepts the universe as the great moral adventure which democracy essentially is. An ultimate moral fixity is the all but universal hope. Thus democracy's mobile heaven of moral adventure is the hell of the accepted religious program, and the latter's heaven of static bliss is the former's hell.

At its worst this divergence appears in the feverish revival of premillennarianism, incited by the present world-upheaval, among most of the American denominations. That is perhaps a mistily, drearily long word for most general readers. It stands for the various expressions of belief that the present order is inherently evil, and is fit only for the flames which are prescribed to attend the second coming of Christ to the earth, this time in glory and might. This is not merely a conception occidented from medieval systems of theology. It flourished there, but the doctrine is zealously oriented in American religious thought to-day. This world war is widely interpreted as Armageddon, to be promptly succeeded by some devastating physical cataclysm which will destroy all moral agents and forces antagonistic to the program prescribed by the Christ who wins his triumphs by this means. This doctrine is extracted by literalistic interpreters from hundreds of passages of scripture, often by the most surprising exegesis. In probably ninety per cent of the Bible summer schools, which assemble this season in numbers larger than ever, this doctrine will be openly or surreptitiously exploited. It is being taught from hundreds of pulpits, and Bible classes scattered all over the country are led by devious windings through the sacred literature to this certain goal of the teachers' exegesis.

To be indoctrinated with this conception and at the same time to discover a consuming enthusiasm for democracy even as a political theory requires a type of mind happily very rare. An eminent scientist, scarcely less distinguished for his reactionary theology, upon being called to account by his students for the inconsistency of his scientific theory and his religious faith, assured them that he never allowed his science and his religion to mix, and advised them to follow his example. There may be some otherwise able minds capable of carrying their political theory and their religious faith in mixture-proof compartments, but they are few. However successful they may be, they cannot be counted to add great strength to the hosts of aspiring democracy. Those who with intellectual consistency accept this millennial view must be reckoned among opposing or indifferently neutral forces in the present onset for democracy.

Large groups of other religious elements are scarcely more to be depended upon in this crisis. A life-long leader of religious enterprise remarked the other day that he could not feel enthusiasm in "forcing a democratic form of government upon those who do not fancy it"! A considerable religious element which has long since urged the entrance of the United States into the war assumes an attitude analogous to that of certain financial powers who have surprised the American public by their zeal to overthrow autocracy abroad when up to now the net effect of their activity at home has been to enthrone it in our own economic and industrial order.

In religious circles this has been long a recognized phenomenon of the missionary enterprise. The social service propaganda among the churches has not had the unanimous approval of foreign missionary propagandists. Foreign missionaries perform a great amount of highly beneficial social service in the lands to which they have gone, and an increasing number of them have learned to use it otherwise than as a bait to entice fish into the net of creed-bound organizations. But their appreciation of the modern religious social movement is not so largely shared by the supporters of the cause in the churches at home. These are stirred by tales of the relief of destitution on mission fields, but the spirit of patronage often dominates this enthusiasm just as the same spirit has blighted much charity work in our cities. This reaction is expressed in such protests as, "Of course these moral and social reforms are all well enough in their way, but we must not forget that our real mission is to preach the gospel." The significance of the intended distinction has long ago evaporated from this platitude.

This type of religious concern for a world-wide redemption cultivates little intelligent zeal for the issues which have now forged to the fore in the great new sweep of internationalism. Naturally enough this type of missionary enthusiasm is usually associated, in the same individual or in congenial groups, with devotion to that individualistic salvation which is the theme of all the current

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organized evangelism. Democracy finds an embarrassed comradeship in these circles.

The movements for federation of the scattered and divided religious forces are more heroic than resultful. Some of them rest heavily upon the cheery fiction that they are representative of the denominational organizations from which they gain their nominal sanction. This may indeed offer some cheer but it must not the less be recognized as a fiction. These federations are so far largely the expression of the individual and group enthusiasms of a relatively small number of religious leaders. They are in constant danger from the reactionary elements in the bodies they are reputed to represent—in more danger from that source than from the antagonists they are commissioned to face outside of the organized church. A host, with thin ranks at the best, and most imperiled from attacks by nominal supporters in the rear, does not promise a brilliant campaign, however genuinely it may be inspired by the purposes of the present national and world issue.

Democracy demands to-day the larger integrations of the human brotherhood. The religious life of America, riddled by sectarian faction, twisted into an inconceivable tangle of mutually exclusive parties and programs, furnishes a depressing prospect of an American religious consciousness mobilized for the permanent achievement of these integrations. No more encouraging are programs for patronizing backward peoples of neighboring or distant lands into a present or a future bliss. A platform on which brother man meets brother man on level stand, and which provides for mutual helpfulness and a reciprocal exchange of benefits, is the only one on which democracy can feel at home and unembarrassed. Only when religion in America shall show itself capable of comprehensive integrations in its own organism, only when it banishes both the spirit and the form of patronage in its relations with peoples at a distance, can it be counted upon as an ally of the forces intelligently pushing on in the world advance of democracy.

So much is pertinent as one thinks of the more characteristic American religious organizations. In the case of the Roman church, and such others as offer no suggestion whatever of democratic enthusiasm in either organization or doctrine, the hope of mobilization for democratic internationalism is even more faint.

Yet anxious souls may well take courage. This new advance of democracy is inspired by profoundly religious convictions. Its success will go far towards achieving the religious reformation now overdue. Thus the saved will prove the savior; the hoped-for redeemer will find itself redeemed by forces it had been expected to redeem. The religious significance of the new internationalism must not be obscured by the double cloud which hangs over it. On the one side appears this disconcerting fact pointed out, namely, that the constituted organizations and the prevalent conceptions of religion in American life are in their net effect inhibiting or indifferent factors. On the other side, profound religious convictions which inspire the movement are not known by that name, and many who are keyed and spurred to heroic service in this cause do not themselves recognize the impulses which guide them. In just the degree of their zeal for democracy many declare their divorce from religion. The achievement of the task will itself finally dispel this confusion, and the immense volume of moral and spiritual energy which has long been moving in our society out of accord and relation with the constituted agencies of religion will be recognized for what it really is. The religion of democracy, the passion for the universal human brotherhood, will ere long establish new alignments of forces. It will release spiritual energies which now content themselves with negations and are artificially inhibited from a thoroughgoing regenerative ministry. A prophet might with much confidence predict such a clarifying of religious conceptions and such a rallying of religious energies as shall make the saints of the Lord, the great human brotherhood, shout for joy.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Organizing Our Man-Power

ENGLAND'S efforts to distribute the man power at her disposal during the war testify to a serious problem which is likely to arise in this country also if we are not sufficiently forehanded. To this day there has been no authority created in Great Britain competent to decide whether the Admiralty, the War Office, the Munitions Ministry, the National Service Department or agriculture should have prior claim upon her citizens. Equally strenuous campaigns for enlistment have occurred simultaneously to the confusion of the male population; and serious distrust of the Government has been aroused by these widely conflicting demands which it has allowed different agencies to press in identical localities. When the Review of (military) Exemptions Act passed last spring with its provision for the reëxamination of discharged soldiers and of civilians formerly exempted on various grounds, working class unrest became acute, not only because the men in munition industries had supposed themselves free from military obligations, but because they saw

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that no clear, consistent policy had ever controlled the distribution of men between army and factory.

An analogous diversity of demand for man power is imminent in this country. With each additional quota added to our draft army the pressure for men in industry and agriculture will increase. And public opinion is bound to become restive unless it has evidence that men are being used to the best advantage in the light of their previous training and capabilities. It is a platitude to say that this war is being fought in the factories no less than in the trenches, but there are as yet few evidences that this truth is being translated into administrative policy. Our shipyard employers, farmers, manufacturers with government contracts and those with contracts from government contractors, as well as the government itself in navy-yards and arsenals, must all preserve intact trained bodies of satisfied artisans. But in addition to these demands there is the call of the navy, the army and of the selective draft for those between twenty-one and thirty. Who is to decide in the face of these claims how the changing needs of the military situation are to be met and kept properly related to industrial demands? How are we to select an army with the least possible disturbance to the efficient operation of essential industries?

The answer is neither easy nor simple. Even in peace times we have never applied ourselves to an intelligent organization of the labor market. There has not been that closely knit system of public agencies which could bring men and jobs quickly together. And the creation of war-time machinery which will give rapid and accurate information as to the vital labor needs of industry will at best be slow, experimental work. Nevertheless, the way toward an effective correlation of all efforts to distribute man power lies in the present feeble beginnings of a national system of employment exchanges. It must be possible to turn to these agencies to inform ourselves as to both seasonal and occupational shifts which either relinquish or require large numbers of workers. Already the framework of such a system is in existence in the work being undertaken in the Department of Labor and in the local public employment offices which operate under state auspices in over twenty states. A closer coördination of the work of these and all other employment agencies is of course indispensable. The essence of successful organization of employment information is that it shall be unified, non-competitive and without partisan bias.

The need is not so much at this time for the creation of elaborate new machinery as it is for a powerful national agency which can shoulder responsibility for a policy of distribution of man power among the several official and private enterprises for which men are imperatively needed. A Man Power Distribution Committee composed of high government officials, representatives of the Council of National Defense, employers, labor and farmers, might well constitute the group empowered to formulate a policy and administer the machinery for getting men redistributed with the minimum of friction. Not the least of the immediate demands upon such a committee would be a statement as to which employments are to be regarded as having prior right to workmen. Neither employment offices nor exemption boards can function intelligently until some authoritative pronouncement has been made as to whether, for example, machinists are to be drafted, or those in private shops working on government contracts.

The draft army especially in its later calls upon the citizenship of the country will be found to be removing craftsmen from critical posts unless we know what those critical positions are and know whether there are others of non-draft age who can be effectively substituted. England has long since drawn up a list of occupations and trades which it regards as essential and from which workers are not to be drawn into the army. And it has another list of occupations which it regards as unessential and from which it is encouraging workers to withdraw and discouraging production by withholding raw material. The time is not far off when it will be necessary to this country's effective utilization of men and machinery that some such definition of essential and non-essential trades be made. This will ease the labor market and hasten immediately useful production.

Preferably, each local exemption board would have in hand from the outset a list of occupations which would be exempted from the draft either absolutely or until the employer could give assurances that an equally efficient substitute of non-draft age had been obtained. But the policy of substitution can only be worked where there exists some systematic organization of information as to those available for work—either to be drawn from unessential industries or from those already unemployed. If the manufacturer of shells who has a dozen machinists drafted can turn to the local or state branch of a national employment system and secure another dozen equally competent mechanics who are not eligible for the draft, it might possibly be permissible to conscript the younger men. But under any other arrangement it would be folly.

The work of the existing Priority Committee can undoubtedly afford a basis for the preparation of a list of essential trades. Its determination of the order of importance of railroad shipments will soon indicate what kinds of production have

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been found to be of prime war value. And a subsequent survey under some such competent body as the Federal Trade Commission will reveal in greater detail what trades we can afford to slight or even actively to discourage.

We stand in increasing need of this list of essential trades. It will increase confidence on every hand that we are not spoiling good artisans to make indifferent soldiers. It will save confusion and humiliation as the work of drafting the army goes on. It will assure a labor supply where it is most needed because it will afford public employment agencies some basis on which to work. It will call popular attention to the merited measure of honor and glory which our industrial army should share.

The work of mobilizing a hundred million people is a vast task, but it is possible if we know where man power is most needed. Our ignorance on this score is happily remediable. A strong national administrative body by which the problems here raised can be authoritatively treated can do much to equip us with knowledge and a systematic policy. A more efficient coördination of the agencies which now strive to unify the labor market will not only increase war output, but will carry over into peace times as a net gain to our industrial organization.

ORDWAY TEAD.

The Lynching in Bass County

BASS County is mostly rough land. At one corner it dips down into the river bottom, and here you see a few good farms, owned by the merchants and doctors and lawyers of Coxville and worked by Bohemian tenants. Coxville is the county seat and the only railway station in the county. It is just at the edge of the bottom, where a half dozen narrow valleys spread out like fingers into the upland. Motor parties from way across the state sometimes come chugging up the winding valley roads. The scenery is fine, the ladies say: we're lucky to live in so lovely a spot. But scenery is mighty hard to work. It doesn't even make good pasture, and we've got to live somehow.

Coxville, the tourists say, is one of the prettiest towns in the state. It is certainly pretty, with its shady streets on the flat and big brick houses planted on the spurs of the hills above. But Coxville is a den of thieves. There are five general stores all working in cahoots. Everyone of them has two sets of scales, one weighing small for your butter and chickens, the other weighing big for the merchant's sugar and coffee and dried fruit. After they've skinned you on the weight, they skin you on the price. They've divided us farmers up among them. My trade, for instance, belongs to Miller's store. If I get mad and go to another store, I get even worse treatment than Miller was giving me. That's what they call a gentleman's agreement in Coxville. There are three stock buyers—mighty good friends they are, though they make a great noise about competition. They pay the same prices, about a dollar a hundred too low, if you figure out the Chicago market reports. There is a bank in Coxville, but it doesn't do business with farmers. It lends money at seven per cent to old Peter Hammond, who lets us have it for two per cent a month, and makes us pay a bonus for getting it.

Oh, yes, Coxville is a pretty village. They live well down there, and we half starve up on our hill farms. If they have a job of hard work, they hire some of our boys to do it and pay back a little of the money they sweat out of us. They take our girls for housework and make servants out of them —girls of real American stock, not Bohunks—but we're so poor we have to stand it. And they don't take too good care of them. Every now and then a girl comes crying home and some young blood from Coxville goes off for a tour around the world. More than once I've been at secret meetings at Lon Baker's shack, where we figured on going down and cleaning out the whole nest. But we never did anything.

"We're serfs, that's what we are!" Lon always declared. "They take our crops, they take our work, they take our girls. And we just sit around and jaw."

Lon was a mighty good speaker, and well read. He took the Appeal to Reason, and about knew by heart everything that was ever in it. But nobody took much stock in Lon. When we came away from his secret meeting somebody was sure to say: "Hell of a place, Coxville. They'll even take Lon's crops, Lon's work, *and* Lon's girls." Then everybody would laugh and side with Coxville. You see, Lon never had any crop to speak of, and scarcely ever did a lick of work. And you ought to see Lon's girls! Of all the skinny, freckled-faced, red-haired, shrieking cross-patches. But poor things, they didn't pick the father they were to take after.

We grumbled and ranted, but that was all, until we got track of what was going on down at the courthouse. The county offices, of course, had always belonged to Coxville. There was a Republican clique and a Democratic clique, and every four or six years, we'd put one clique out and the other in, and precious little good it did. Taxes

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kept going higher, and we got to wondering what in thunder became of the money. There never was any to repair the bridges, and finally we had to ford the streams when we drove to town. The county was always years behind in its school money, and when we served on juries we were paid in warrants we had to discount with Pete Hammond at sixty cents on the dollar. Lon Baker went all over the county getting information about the taxes collected—he never paid his—and calculated that thousands and thousands of dollars just disappeared. At elections the clique that was out would yell for an investigation, but if they got in they never found anything. Finally we made up an independent party and elected a farmer treasurer, and got an expert accountant to go over the books.

The expert worked for six weeks and found the retiring treasurer, Dr. Williams, about a thousand dollars short. The doctor shelled out and moved to have his bond released, but we weren't satisfied. The doctor had a good salary, eighteen hundred a year, but Lon did some figuring and just about proved that the doctor spent a lot more than that. After he was elected treasurer, the doctor, who was nearly sixty, had married a young wife. She was a great beauty, and Lord, she knew how to make money fly! She kept her house furnished like a palace and always full of company. I knew something about what was going on there because my sweetheart worked for her. Lucy had to wear a black dress and a foolish little lace cap that made me mad whenever I thought of it. But Lucy adored Mrs. Williams, and Lucy's got a lot of good sense.

Well, we made up our minds that the expert had been bought off, so we got a new one, and Lon stood at his shoulder for a month. There wasn't any whitewashing this time. The doctor's accounts were over forty thousand dollars short. Of course he demanded a new investigation, but we got him indicted for embezzlement. The superior judge was an old friend of the doctor's and quashed the indictment: we had to start over again. Finally we got him to trial, but somehow they managed to hang the jury. We started a new prosecution, but everything went against us. Our lawyers gave our case away, the judge ruled against us, our witnesses went back on their testimony. It was plain, the doctor still had some of that forty thousand, and we'd never get him till it was all spent. Down in Coxville everybody was talking compromise. If we'd let the doctor off, his friends would pay back ten or fifteen thousand, and the county would be saved the cost of years of litigation.

This was more than we could stand. All over the county the farmers were holding meetings: what they talked of doing to Coxville I wouldn't dare to say. Lon Baker spoke at every meeting: what he said sounded like mighty good sense, too. What was at stake, now, Lon argued, was not just money, but the Law itself, the Law that was there before courts were created and that would remain after the courts had rotted away. The Law, he said, didn't need the courts: any body of freemen had the right and duty to take the Law into their own hands when the courts had failed. Our court had failed and it was time to act.

One day the word passed around to be at Ashton's mill about a mile above Coxville, at ten o'clock at night. Lucy had been getting suspicious and insisted on my passing the evening at her house, but I managed to get away. There were already fifty or sixty men at the mill when I got there. Lon Baker had a bunch of pine knots for torches: popular justice, he said, had been executed in old days by torch light. Most of the other men carried lanterns.

Nothing had been said about what we were going to do, but there were a lot of guns in the crowd and several men had brought ropes. Lon had a rope and seemed rather put out that there were others. They might arouse suspicion, he said, as if the whole county hadn't been in the secret. We waited until there were about a hundred of us and then struck out over the hill, to get to the doctor's house without passing through the village. We walked fast and talked mighty little. Lon was in his glory, leading a body of Anglo-Saxon freemen to the defense of the Law. So he put it. But the rest of us felt rather sick of our job. Every man shaded his face as well as he could with his hat; if the light of a lantern flashed on him he seemed to dodge. You see, the doctor was a pleasant old fellow we had all chatted with. The Law had to be vindicated but we'd rather have vindicated it on someone else.

We put out our lights, except Lon's torch, and scattered in groups among the blooming lilacs on the doctor's lawn. My post was near the parlor window. It was wide open and I could see the doctor sitting in an armchair. To see him for the first time, you'd say he was about forty: anyway he was straight and quick, smooth-shaven and hardly gray. He was rather pale this night, and looked tired. Mrs. Williams was at the piano, very fine and aristocratic. She certainly was a beauty! She seemed to be happy; anyway the music she was playing was very sweet and gay. At that moment most of us were for backing out, I believe. But Lon went up to the door and gave it a terrible thump. Mrs. Williams sprang from her music stool: the doctor rose slowly and stepped to the door. As he opened it everybody got out

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of the path of white light—everybody but Lon, who waved his sputtering torch.

"Good evening, Lon," the doctor said quietly. He looked around rather sharply and he must have got glimpses of the men among the lilac bushes. If he was uneasy though, he didn't show it. "What can I do for you?"

"We represent the Law," said Lon, making his voice as deep as a drum. "You can bribe the courts, but you can't beat the Law."

"Oh dear, what is the matter?" Mrs. Williams appeared beside the doctor in the doorway and clutched his arm anxiously.

"You can't beat the Law," said Lon again. "You have stolen the people's money. You have suborned witnesses and bribed the courts. You thought the Law was dead. But it has raised us up, Anglo-Saxon freemen, to execute its decrees."

"One moment, gentlemen, and we can arrange our business to your satisfaction. My dear, will you please go inside? This is politics, and we may get a little rough."

"Yes, get her out of sight," said Lon. "She was the cause of it all. You stole our money to make her better than our wives and daughters."

"I won't go," said Mrs. Williams, "I can't understand what this is all about."

"Oh, you can't?" said Lon. "You can't understand that we're sore about the forty thousand you made him steal?"

Mrs. Williams first went white and then red. "I made him steal?" Nobody had ever spoken to her like that in all her life.

"Suppose we leave the women out of this," said the doctor. "It's true. I took the county's money. I'm ready to take the consequences."

"You took the county's money?" Mrs. Williams exclaimed. "But you said it wasn't true. You said it was all politics."

"Yes," said the doctor.

"But why?" Mrs. Williams seemed bewildered. Lon laughed, but the rest of us just felt sorry for her. That kind of woman never thinks where the money comes from, I suppose.

"Why?" the doctor repeated. "You knew we weren't living on my salary."

"But I thought—I thought you had——"

"You thought he had money," said Lon. "You married him for his money and he didn't have any. So he had to steal some."

"It isn't true," Mrs. Williams took her hand from the doctor's arm. "You know it isn't true."

"Of course," said the doctor, "but if it were—I'm an old man, my dear, and it's precious little I had to give you."

Mrs. Williams looked down on her white breast with the twinkling necklace, her pink dress and heavy lace. You could see what she was thinking. For all her beauty, she'd been bought, bought with stolen money. She knew that was what we were all thinking. She put up her chin, turned round and walked swiftly back into the house. She seemed to feel so insulted and ashamed that there wasn't any room left in her mind for the doctor's troubles. She was deserting the doctor, and deserting him for good; there wasn't a man of us who couldn't see that. The doctor saw it all right, too. Poor old devil, all his smart youthfulness dropped from him. All at once you noticed how wrinkled, how gray he was. So that's what it means to be old! I'd never realized that before. Maybe my Lucy's arms aren't so white and smooth and tapering as those I just saw, but they come free, if I do pick a crow's living out of my hill farm. And I'd bet my life, if I were caught stealing, Lucy would stand by me. That's what it means to be young.

"Well, gentlemen," said the doctor wearily, "why don't we go ahead?"

"Yes, why don't we?" cried Lon, waving his torch.

But a huge, husky voiced farmer I didn't know pushed himself in front of Lon.

"Doctor, we're tired of bein' robbed. I don't know as I blame you. I reckon we'd all steal for a woman, leastwise such a pretty one. But it's got to stop. Next man we catch stealing from this county gets the rope."

"Next man!" yelled Lon. But it was plain that everybody wanted to compromise on the "next man." We felt the doctor had got about what was coming to him, anyway. Already numbers of men were moving toward the gate or leaping the picket fence.

I got away as quickly as I could, wanting to avoid Lon, who lives above me on the same road. But Lon was walking fast too in his rage, and overtook me half a mile out of town.

"There's no Law left in this country!" he exclaimed bitterly. "The law is dead. We're only serfs. Not a drop of free Anglo-Saxon blood in us."

There was something in what Lon was saying. The Law was dead, but I wasn't mourning. Up a hill side to the right there was a light burning. It was late, but Lucy'd like to know everything was all right; no doubt she was worried. So I let Lon get a little ahead of me in the darkness and slipped away on a side path, glad to hear the last of his ranting: "The Law is dead. We're serfs, plain serfs."

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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At the Capitol

A Policy in Government Control

ALMOST in spite of its own efforts Congress is becoming more and more an exponent of government ownership and government control. In the forty-eight bills which have been passed at the present session there have been twelve which were not for appropriations or for some minor admininstrative adjustment; and practically each one of these twelve might be taken to justify Senator Hardwick's description of the dawn of "State socialism, pure, simple, unadulterated, and self-confessed." Congress has set the government up as an agent for the compulsory insurance of seamen, has authorized condemnation proceedings for any land that the War Department chooses to utilize, has established government control over foods and fuels, exports, freight cars and the ships for which private initiative had done the planning. One bill which has passed the House will provide further supervision in the manufacture and sale of explosives; another will provide, more nearly than has yet been provided, government supervision over the profits of individuals and corporations.

It was of course to be expected that preparation for war would mean centralization and a cutting down wherever possible of the practices of waste and duplication which are complacently tolerated when the country is at peace. But it was also to be expected that the broad strides which have at least legally been taken toward a temporary state socialism should meet vigorous opposition from a Congress which has for years been hostile to anything suggestive of government ownership. Progressives in Congress have long been trying to substitute for the policy of bestowing water-power sites upon private concerns a beginning at development of those sites by the government itself. Attempts to meet the rising curve in tenant farming, to experiment in government munitions production, to organize an agriculture that is now showing the effects of indifference, have had determined opposition. The legislative experience of Mr. Meyer London, and his failure to secure support even for his resolutions of inquiry and investigation, is a record of the antagonism to government control in Congress.

With a traditional conviction that anything which the government might do in the management or control of business was a failure almost foreordained, it is surprising that there has not been more discussion of the possibilities of failure in the present instance. Assertions that the Constitution was being outraged, and that the Executive was usurping the last prerogatives of Congress, there have been in number. There have also been one or two unassured references to the issue of states' rights; and there have been regrets expressed by Mr. Moore and other members that, proper as might be such measures as the one granting government insurance to sailors, there was no denying that they were competitive with the established privileges of private enterprise. But there have not been a dozen attempts to prove that unregulated private enterprise is the asset in a time of war that it is in a time of peace. Mr. Lodge, admitting "a desire to show the beauties of government management," has argued for the private manufacture of rifles; his colleague, Mr. Weeks, has predicted nothing but disappointment in efforts at government control, because, "for more than sixteen hundred years, there have been attempts to regulate the prices of products by governmental action, and they have invariably proved failures." The infrequency of attempts to raise the issue indicate a general acknowledgment in Congress that in an emergency control over business can, if it successfully skirts constitutional provisos and states' rights and congressional prerogatives, profitably be lodged in a central authority.

Whether in addition to this acknowledgment of temporary desirability there are being fostered the beginnings of a partiality for government management and control, in times of peace, is not so clear. In the way of defining one innovation as a purely temporary device, and another as being in part at least worth saving permanently, there have been few attempts. There is a clear difference, for instance, between Senate bill 1871, conscripting men for an army, and Senate bill 2356, declaring the government's interest in the problem of car shortage. But there has been no effort to suggest that while the purpose of Senate bill 1871 is momentary, the provisions of Senate bill 2356 recognize a need which is quite as real, if less suddenly imperative, in a time of peace as in a time of war. Mr. Mann, classing all war measures in a single group as unavoidable, has acknowledged that "we are undergoing the greatest revolution in government which this country has ever seen," and expressed a sincere hope that it will turn out to be a purely temporary one. Mr. Lodge and Mr. Weeks have not expressed an opinion, but would doubtless be glad to do so if they had the smallest idea that any part of this new socialization was to hold on after Germany had been defeated, and cause for socialization removed. On the other side, Mr. Borah has declared that his method would be to make temporary use of the great industrial organizations of the country, "and then, when the war is over, turn them back, stripped and purged of their monopolistic elements."

Subtract the remarks of Mr. Borah and Mr. Mann, however, and there has been little discussion of what part of the reorganization now being effected is being done in any way except temporarily. This is unfortunate—for if there is to be a part of the new order salvaged, at the end of the war, its permanency will be better prepared for by an early beginning to enlist favorable opinion for it in Congress. Such an opinion might produce bills more nearly drawn so as to make their peace-time continuation easy and desirable. So far, interest in building public approval for future innovations has been limited to a few radicals, with no regard for party lines. But since the Republican party in Congress has as many stand-pat members as the Democratic party has negligible ones, the question of permanent extension of some government interest in business may ultimately reach the electorate. In voting upon a specific issue in the congressional elections of 1918 there may be expressed a public judgment on the issue.

In the meantime, though the present session may not have long to run, here is a subject for congressional discussion—and one which might well be substituted for the debate over administrative trifles that will set in, when the revenue bill and the new appropriation bills are up for consideration and there is afforded the customary opportunity for a discussion of irrelevant issues. A topic immediately available is the disposition that is to be made of the immense funds which will derive from operation of the new government merchant ships, a problem as yet not considered in Congress. A more general need is the desirability of having some steadier course than objecting, one day, to a small venture in government insurance, and on the following day conscripting life and granting authority to requisition the United States Steel Corporation. Congress has an unsatisfied desire to debate questions of policy, and here is one of which even an inadequate discussion will serve the purposes of publicity.

C. M.

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Books and Things

WHISTLER, after telling his Ten O'clock audience that Art did not care whether the artist was virtuous or not, and after giving instances of her unwillingness to treat virtue as an ally, said this: "Art, the cruel jade, cares not, and hardens her heart, and hies her off to the East, to find, among the opium-eaters of Nankin, a favorite with whom she lingers fondly—caressing his blue porcelain, and painting his coy maidens, and marking his plates with her six marks of choice—indifferent in her companionship with him to all save the virtue of his refinement." Mr. John Bailey seems to think not that virtue is always the artist's enemy, but that virtue was not Swinburne's friend. In the July Quarterly he contrasts Swinburne's life before 1879, the year when Watts Dunton took him to Putney, with his life thereafter. From his arrival at Eton up to 1879 Swinburne "lived a life of ever-increasing intellectual activity, of promise, performance, fame, authority, of no little noise and scandal. . . ." The years which came after 1879 "were years of always diminishing activity. . . . Chelsea was Sturm und Drang, Poems and Ballads, and Songs Before Sunrise; it was creation, excitement, and violent energy of life alternating with catastrophic seizures of illness. Putney, on the other hand, was a life monastic in regularity, almost monastic in quietness; filled full of air and sleep and exercise and sobriety; with less and less creative energy and no illness. . . ." Obviously a contrast with a moral. But what moral? That Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille is not always true? Well, Goethe never said it was. That poets who in youth sow the wind and their wild oats are doomed to reap, later on, oatmeal and mildly domestic breezes? A correct and regular life at Putney did not make Swinburne's talent grow. But what reason have we for supposing that it would have grown if he had gone to Nankin instead of to Putney, and had eaten opium without undue regularity? Hadn't his talent in fact stopped growing long before Watts Dunton taught him how to lead a virtuous life of "exclusive devotion to art"?

A small part of the air has long been thick with rumors that Watts Dunton, when he became Swinburne's dry nurse, did some rescue work of the first class. He reclaimed the poet. What from? Mr. Bailey censures Mr. Gosse for being too cautious here, and speaks of "the more serious weakness at which" Mr. Gosse "only hints with an unnecessary reserve which may do injustice to Swinburne by leading to worse suspicions." Good. Away with silence. Away with reserve. By all means let us have the truth, which Mr. Bailey proceeds to give us in his own way. "It would have been better," he thinks, "to say frankly that Swinburne was rescued by Watts Dunton from a life over which the vice which degraded Pitt and Lamb and Porson was obtaining a sway which must ultimately have been as fatal to one of the greatest of modern English poets as it was to the greatest of all biographers." Mr. Bailey's standard of frankness is low. What words would he have chosen if he had wished to say, with guarded circumspection, that Watts Dunton made Swinburne stop drinking? How long must a man have been dead before you can decently disclose the fact that during certain years of his life he drank too much? Were I addressing a school for infant prohibitionists, and were I bent on persuading my little hearers to judge with indulgence some illustrious drinker, I might refer them to other excessive drinkers whose names they had learned to love and to cherish. Porson would not be one of those names. But Mr. Bailey has not this excuse. He is writing for an audience of grown-ups. He must have many readers who would cheerfully swap his frankness, or Mr. Gosse's reserve, for information about Swinburne's "serious weakness." Did the poet go in for wines or for hard liquor? Was his palate as sensitive as Goethe's, who could detect that the madeira he was drinking—I think the story said madeira—had been kept in a sherry cask? Or was Swinburne as crude as Keats, who "once covered his tongue and throat as far as he could reach with Cayenne pepper, in order to appreciate the delicious coldness of claret in all its glory—his own expression." Coldness of claret! At the moment when I first read that passage all the head waiter in me rose, and read no further.

Mr. Bailey seems to stand on safe ground. He thinks drink might have been fatal to Swinburne. He thinks life at Putney, so guarded and padded and uneventful, did Swinburne's art no good. What would have been good for it? That is the interesting question Mr. Bailey raises. What life would you prescribe for a poet in mortal danger of repeating himself, industriously, till the end of his life? Sooner or later, out of memories and hopes and guesses, and also out of words, every writer who is a writer succeeds in weaving his own style. It may be sepia or pink or russet, or delicate in its grays, or particolored and bright, but there it is, this cloth he has woven, and he carries it about with him, laying it on flat surfaces, draping it faithfully upon hollowed and bossy things, hoping the new shape may renew the old fabric. He thinks, pathetic self-deceiver, that if you give a new subject to an old author the result will be new. What can be done for him, what advice given? Not to go and live at Putney? It does not sound constructive, somehow, nor is it adequate to the occasion. Shock of experience is the only remedy for the self-repeater's sickness, and even shock is less sure than the fountain of youth.

I don't believe that Watts Dunton, who with the best intentions in the world did what he could to arrest Swinburne's development, really arrested it. In 1879, when the suburban Palace of Art became Swinburne's home and refuge, he was already more than forty. The moral of his life is not that a poet should drink to excess into middle age, not that he should keep away from all the Putneys on this planet. It is a mistake for a poet to grow old—that is the moral. If you must grow old, and must go on writing, your best course is to learn how to be discontented with yourself, how to quarrel with your way of doing things. Swinburne had a special excuse for not learning this wisdom. As he grew older he could no longer write the first Atalanta chorus, or Ave atque Vale, or A Forsaken Garden, or the beginning of At a Month's End. But even in old age he could and did invent new metres. Mr. Bailey tells us that in Swinburne's last book, A Channel Passage, "there are some forty poems, apart from sonnets, and all but one or two of the metres occur only once." Perhaps he had friends who counted the metres, went to Putney, and told the poet that his natural force was not abated. A man with such friends and such a gift would naturally forget that metres should not only be new but sound new. He would assume that what he had written in a new metre must be new poetry, nor would he readily see in himself any resemblance to the horseman who made all his mounts look alike by his way of riding them.

P. L.

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Old and New Diplomacy

Diplomatic Practice, by Sir Ernest Satow. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $9.

DIPLOMACY ministers to a transcendent weakness of the human mind. We cannot, despite ourselves, avoid the love of mystery; even the record of crime gives rise to passionate investigation. But when the mystery is moved to a stage where the contending forces are the destinies of whole peoples, the drama has in it elements that, to the superficial observer, hinge on the majestic. An ambassador is but one stage removed from a king; your king is but priest turned secular. So the united forces of religion and politics go to endow him with his halo. Even an attaché possesses his pathetic remnant of public glory. He is, as we feel, in touch with the infinite unseen. He knows the inner secrets hidden from the gaze of men of common clay. We look at him indeed; for it is the fundamental attribute of democracy that a cat may look at a king. Yet in our hearts we know that he is the symbol of mightier things than ourselves. We would not believe it if we were told that he was a young Oxford graduate, socially purposive on four hundred pounds a year; or some sprig of the lesser German princelets whom sixteen quarterings have combined to render respectable. After all, most of us are incurably romantic. We feel the fascination of the unknown. We tacitly equate it with the unknowable. So to our minds diplomacy becomes that which made Talleyrand and Metternich the arbiters of imperial destiny, and turned Lord Lyons into the most respected man of his time. If a country is happy that has no history, assuredly the diplomacy is fortunate that has no analysis. For knowledge is the dissipation of tradition; and where we are careful to examine we are forced to the dethronement of legend.

Sir Ernest Satow is one of the most distinguished English diplomatists of the last twenty-five years. He has had infinite experience, and unlimited opportunities for observation. He has written a guide to diplomatic practice which supersedes every previous work upon the subject. It is exact, it is exhaustive, it is scholarly. Everything seems to be here. Why did the coach of the French ambassador so rudely jostle that of his Spanish colleague in Restoration England? Why would not the Emperor of Russia address Napoleon III in brotherly terms? How many guns do you fire in salute to an envoy extraordinary? What care must a diplomat take in his dinner-table conversations? How did the United States force Turkey to receive her ambassadors? None of us knows these things, yet they are the staple topic of diplomatic etiquette. What the book reveals is the astounding fact that royal manners and those of their representatives are extremely codified. The kiss of kings may have affection in it, but it is the affection of arrangement. The ambassador does not go to his tailor and give him—as we had fondly hoped—carte-blanche in artistic creation; the patterns actually exist and it becomes clear on examination that even into these arcana imperii the curse of standardized parts has penetrated. A terrible thought strikes one who reads that the days of the old diplomacy are passing. Already our ambassador goes to court in ordinary evening dress. Already the title of excellency is dropped in private conversation. The last century established the egalitarianism of cats in the matter of spectacular regalism; but our own day may make it possible for cats to be kings themselves. So does democracy divest itself of its dreams.

Even the diplomats change their character. We have no Metternichs at whose lightest word the potentates of christendom will tremble. The last of the Renascence bravos disappeared from Germany with Marschall von Bieberstein, and from France with Delcassé. Our diplomats to-day are men of different stamp. Publishers and publicists, not inured to the business of nosing out the secret motives of men, we deem well fitted to take charge of national interests. We even, in England at least, tilt lustily against those who would make income and birth the test of entrance to the career. Tact and patience, and an inability to speak French or German seem the fundamental requirements of Anglo-Saxon countries. Our Frenchmen retain their subtlety; our Germans will not put off their braggadocio. But when the last imperial representative dines quietly in a public hotel where any one may know what he eats, or gives gay messages to the daily press, it is high time we recognized the fact of diplomatic decadence. Mr. Bakhmetieff realized with fine perception the intimate truth of things when he refused to serve a republican Russia. The diplomacy that is dying was the appanage of a flavored and delicate aristocracy. It dealt in gentle phrases with the nice problems of ceremony and dress. That which is coming is food for lawyers and men of business who are not apt to be exquisite. The old day is passing, and we have moments that herald the advent of a novel dawn.

To such reflections will Sir Ernest Satow's book give rise. But there is also one precious gift he brings us that pricks to comment. Most of us have some time wondered where the young diplomatist has picked up his bewildered ignorance. We knew him for an expert in dress; we admired the skill with which he graced a drawing room; we emulated his skilful contempt for things of the mind; we rejoiced at his inability to realize that the thoughts of men who did not share his inside knowledge were quite important. When he thought, to take a spurious instance, that the blood and thunder of Mr. Leo Maxse were no less deeply cherished by the American people than the profound dalliance of Lord Bryce, we pardoned him for so sparkling a contribution to the gaiety of nations. If he thought that Von Holst had proved the fatal inferiority of the American constitution to the pale shadow of German federalism we did not doubt that he would grow wiser as he remained longer with us. When he imagined that the America of reality was still the America of Tocqueville and Boutmy, we smiled benignly in the hope that he would seat himself in the Twentieth Century Limited and taste the sweets of Chicago. But always the dim hope returned that one day the secret processes of his mind would be revealed. Where did he get his information? Whom did he trust for his authority? Why did he limit life to the official ante-rooms of Washington and Paris, London and Berlin? Or was the whole a mark to hide an essential profundity? Does he in fact know it all, and proclaim his ineptitude the better to fool us with his wisdom. It is to these questions that Sir Ernest Satow supplies an illuminating reply.

For, from the fulness of his knowledge, he advises the young diplomat to read some, at any rate, of a five-page list of books. It is a fascinating list, particularly in its omissions. A diplomat who had by heart the philosophy of Acton's lectures on modern history might, indeed, read all that follows with comparative safety, granted at the outset the possession of a mind; for he would therein possess the slide rule of political judgment. But, for the rest, it would give him little or no insight into the mind of

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peoples. Capefigue would tell him the conventional lies about the French restoration and the Orleans régime with the incompetence that comes from a passion for untruth. Lord Cromer's *Modern Egypt* would persuade him that the government of subject peoples is a fascinating experiment in authoritarianism with half a humorous eye to an ignorant public opinion at home. Fournier's biography of Napoleon would give him a good, straightforward narrative of a career that, in this age at least, needs straightforward condemnation. Koser's Frederic the Great would enable him to equate eighteenth century Prussia with a very Lutheran heaven. Senator Lodge's History of the Revolution would familiarize him with the elevated philosophy of cultured Boston. The letters of Queen Victoria would make him an anti-feminist; and the six-volume pamphlet of Taine on the Revolution would—unless he had a strong head—make him an anti-democrat. Sir John Seeley's Expansion of England is the eloquent product of a vicious idealism. Talleyrand's memoirs will teach him only the more intimate depths of diplomatic immorality. So one could go on endlessly. There seems no shadow of suspicion in Sir Ernest Satow's mind that our youthful diplomat who has been so nourished can only serve to perpetuate a system that we hate instead of helping to inaugurate a régime that we demand.

Those who are to embark upon a diplomatic career need, in fact intellectual contacts of a very different kind. They are to deal with institutions in terms of men, and they are to take account of subtle characteristics that have, often enough, been formed by the traditions of half a thousand years. What they really need is to understand the fundamental political movements of our time—the progressive movement in America, the socialist movement in Germany, the new English radicalism, the anti-étatisme of France. It is not in the least a matter of traditional history. They may read their Ranke, their Macaulay, their Taine, their Kluchevsky, and still be uneducated to the matter in hand. An off-hand judgment would suggest that the Greats school at Oxford, with the addition of a year at the London School of Economics under Mr. Wallas and Mr. Webb, would far more nearly orientate them in the essentials of modern civilization. They need to learn that an I. W. W. agitator is quite curiously human, that socialism is not a synonym for confiscation, that we have passed, let us say, from the England of Mrs. Humphry Ward and the America of the genteel Longfellow to the England of Mr. Galsworthy and the America of Jane Addams. They would read the psychology of William James, the analyses of Tarde, the essays of Dr. Figgis, the programs of Eduard Bernstein. Both we and they would profit by it.

This work inaugurates a series which is to deal with international law and diplomacy. Sir Ernest Satow sets a high standard for his successors. One cannot help hoping that its editor, Dr. Oppenheim, will not be content with formal treatises, but give us the more subtle interpretations we so badly need. An editor, for example, who could persuade Mr. Brailsford to set down his reflections after reading the lives of some dozen of the great diplomats would have rendered an incalculable service to mankind. For, after all, behind the formal theory and practice, there is the eager quickening that comes from the interplay of human ambition and human interest. When someone has successfully attempted that task the history of international relations will be provided with the essential key to its understanding.

H. J. L.

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FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
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Profitable Essays

A Virginian Village, by E. S. Nadal. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

IS there anything more delightful in the world than to be an old gentleman and write your reminiscences? Mr. Nadal would doubtless say yes—to be a young one, getting the actual stuff from which reminiscences are derived. His book conveys, not explicitly but implicitly, a sense of a freedom to live interestedly and irresponsibly which was perhaps the greatest privilege of the stronger sex of an earlier generation. Certainly the memoirs of our serious, sociological age will not have this same mellowness. A recent reviewer in The New Republic has called the essay archaic as a literary form; but he allows that it may be still used, in the revelatory vein, by those who are not too scientifically minded or too self-conscious to let themselves go.

Mr. Nadal has a number of excellent qualifications for the rôle of discursive essayist. In the first place, his experience runs back to Virginia "before the war," crosses the sea to diplomatic London in Lowell's day as ambassador, returns to journalistic New York, and finally disports itself in those parts of the West and South which produce good horse-flesh. Mr. Nadal loves horses and he also loves to see them, as most true devotees of the race-track do, against a fine background of natural scenery. He laments that he spent so much of his youth sitting on a fence-rail looking at the landscape, but this occupation seems to have borne its literary fruit: he has a genial responsiveness to the moods of nature. Then he has humor, and what is

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even more essential to an essayist, a keen observation of men and manners which expresses itself in both portraiture and social analysis. Although his style has something of old English breadth, a sort of golden flavor caught perhaps from the Spectators and Ramblers which were the backbone of Virginia colonial libraries, his manner is casual and American. The many "good things" he has to say come out unawares, with no appearance of studied cleverness.

It was from his father, a Methodist Circuit minister of roving and political mood, who was in turn the son of an emigré from the south of France, that Nadal got his marked social characteristics. He has the consciousness of descending from people who went about drinking sugar and water together "and whom you could not have kept at home with a ball and chain." From his mother, who came of Virginia cattle and horse-raising mountain stock, he got his passion for horses: "Until I first began to look at a girl I never saw anything but a horse." That he indeed "sees" them not only as an expert but also as a poet one has abundant evidence. He is as conscious of the peculiar individual charm, the vivid rhythm and movement of these rare creatures as Meredith of the grace and swimming gait of Clara Middleton. Those who share his passion will be stirred by the sense of throbbing communion between horse and rider which he knows how to suggest: "When you ride on a horse that has enough vitality and heat for himself and you too," he says, "there is a kind of transfusion of blood, a truth which has perhaps afforded the basis for the beautiful idea of the centaur."

The chapters that analyze southern society and literature are particularly interesting. Indeed, such substantial and veracious glimpses as he gives of his mountain village —there is here, for instance, in the story of the uncle who should have been a lawyer, material for an excellent novel —make one realize that he is right in saying that the South has not been adequately and realistically presented in American literature. Mr. Nadal believes that one cause of secession was the southerner's fear of the opinion of the rest of the community, the habit he had got into of shunning discussion and discrimination. The root of this fear was slavery; he was fostering an institution which would not bear discussion; and that, in Nadal's view, explains the sentimentality of the literature of the period before the war, when the North was producing something indigenous and permanent. In earlier societies where slavery has existed with an uncritical public opinion behind it, as for instance in Rome, writers like Juvenal have pictured its cruel aspects as a matter of course. The southern writer, on the other hand, was obliged to present slavery as a noble patriarchal institution, and this initial untruth enfeebled everything else he had to say, encouraged him in every sort of exaggeration. All his geese became swans. Poe is the single great exception, but he, too, was an imitative, romantic writer, saved only by genius. Nadal notes an improvement in southern literature since the war, but he points out that no writer has pictured southern life as a whole, and he observes still a tendency towards the historical novel, full of "odzooks" and "other such safe and remote forms of expression."

To back these ante-bellum memories of the South there are impressions of Lincoln and his political associates, and others of Lowell and the literary world of London and of Boston. With Lincoln's peculiarity of nature and speech, which gave him what Nadal calls "visibility," he contrasts Gladstone's commonplaceness: "He seems to have been anybody else raised to the *n*th power." What he most admired in Lincoln was his gift for truth. Truth did for Lincoln what Greek and Latin do for other men: it made him free. And it was Lincoln's good fortune that his gift suited his age, just as it was Lowell's that he lived in a day when virtue was attractive: "It was a time when the primroses grew along the strait and narrow path, and the Wicket Gate was as pretty and as rustic as in the old pictures in Pilgrim's Progress." "I doubt if there ever existed anywhere, since the first literary fellow first scratched his hieroglyphics on stone, a company of such good and respectable literary men as they—the Boston group—were." Nadal observes with pleasure what London life did to bring out Lowell's social and "scintillating" gifts. He is always noting the influence of environment on mind, and health and character. And by the same token his reader gets a pretty good idea of what Virginia and London have done for E. S. Nadal. One puts down the volume wishing that one's gossip with this amiable and suggestive observer might go on.

E. S. S.

Recent Publications

The Red Planet, by William J. Locke. New York: John Lane & Co. $1.50.

ALTHOUGH all the mechanics of one of his typically high-spirited stories are in this latest wartime romance by Locke, the essence has evaporated in the steam of glib and conventional patriotic sentiments. There is a one-eyed butler with one finger on his right hand and a section of his skull filled with silver—all the result of casualties suffered in the Boer war—who supplies the rather meagre comic interludes. His master, his legs so paralyzed from a shell that he has to be lifted from rolling-chair to couch (due to the same shell that knocked out his servant) acts as a kind of father confessor to everybody in his little English village when the Great War comes to put askew its normal life. Locke has a queer and gentle affection for characters physically unprepossessing; it is his method to distill a curious optimism from situations which the more "tough-minded" novelist would consider a fitting occasion for a long detailed history of tragedy and despair. Around this central gay perversity, if you like, whirl the ordinary dramas of love-making and adventure or hum-drum success or failure, leavened with a bit of whimsy of the less unusual people. Locke has followed this formula in many novels, often with amusing and intriguing results. Even in The Wonderful Year, a wartime novel of French provincial life, the picture was veracious and in fine humor. Somehow the formula does not wholly suit the milieu and situations of The Red Planet. The story simply does not come off. For Locke in his less politically minded novels does not content himself with mere mechanical tricks of novel-making ingenuity. There is a freshness and unexpectedness of point of view in the chief characters. Their "queerness" is consistent and comic and human. They are understandable in their difference. In the Red Planet, however, they are like ordinary folks—and not understandable at all. Their everydayness of outlook has no individual sting in it. They suffer, of course, and every wisp of sentimentality in us is touched when the blinded return home and the recent wife receives the awful telegram from the War Office. Yet we cannot even pretend to believe in these people. They are pallid and patriotic and dull. They do not really exist.

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Duty and Other Irish Comedies, by Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

LIKE all Irishmen, Mr. O'Brien is never so happy as when he can be making fun of the law and its representatives, or when he can be making fun, or light, of poverty. These two themes, together with the inconsistencies and the woes of married life are the object for a large part of his very delicious sense of humor, and when he can combine the three he is in a very ecstasy of creation. One must imagine his plots in the hands of some Russian or Scandinavian playwright—or gloomy American, for that matter—to relish to the full his particular talent, which transforms beggars into clowns, and the oppression of the poor and the innocent into witticisms. His mirth is not modern; it is mediaeval. If it were not Irish, it would be incredible. Technically it is far better suited to acted comedy than to its earlier expression in fiction. He has a very true instinct for dramatic situation and for dramatic emphasis in dialogue, as may be proved by imagining some of his lines in the mouth of Mr. Arthur Sinclair or of Mr. Fred O'Donovan. His ranking in the Irish school must be in the second class, for he has nothing very new or significant in thought. But his whimsical, half-ironical outlook upon life, his conversion of the conventionally solemn into the indisputably absurd, and his technique, instinctive or studied, make him a writer of individuality and rare charm.

Imperial Germany: New and Revised Edition. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. Translated by Marie A. Lewenz. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

WHEN Prince Bülow originally wrote his book—his apologia—it was possible for him to delude himself into believing that he had left Germany stronger than he had received her from the powerful and adroit hands of Bismarck. He re-wrote his Imperial Germany after eighteen months of a war in which Germany had raised up against herself the greatest coalition of nations any state has ever fused into a common enemy. Our own entrance into the war has re-emphasized how anti-Bismarckian was von Bülow's almost slavish imitation of his predecessor. Yet Bülow still believes that Germany will emerge from the war stronger than ever. His real diplomatic blindness is as stubborn as Prussia's military resistance. Always a gentleman, always a man of the world, Prince Bülow has forgotten nothing and has learnt nothing. No more illuminating insight into what keeps Germany "going" is anywhere furnished than in this admirable reprint.

Contributors

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